

The Modern Mystic

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SEPTEMBER 1937

21.

Contents

PAGE		PAGE
	<i>William Gerhardt</i>	<i>Eugene Kolisko, M.D.</i>
	THE WAY IS THE WAY 5	MAN—THE UNKNOWN. IV—BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT 26
	<i>Henry Seymour</i>	<i>Robert E. Dean</i>
	FRANCIS BACON AS A ROSICRU- CIAN 6	LOURDES—WHAT AND WHY 28
	<i>Eleanor C. Merry</i>	<i>Robert H. Sherard</i>
	MEDITATION, CLAIRVOYANCE AND ACTION 8	ABBEE LANDS 32
	<i>Dr. W. J. Stein</i>	<i>The Editor</i>
	IRON MEETS GREEK 12	MUSIC 34
	<i>Alan W. Walls</i>	<i>Israel Regardie</i>
	THE SPIRIT OF ASIA AND MODERN MAN 16	MAGIC IN EAST AND WEST 37
	<i>B. P. Howell</i>	<i>Mrs. L. Kolisko</i>
	H. P. BLAVATSKY: A GREAT OCCULTIST—II 18	GOLD AND THE SUN 42
	<i>Raymund Andrea</i>	<i>John W. Seeker</i>
	THE MYSTIC WAY 20	ASTROLOGY 44
	<i>Dr. Jacques Métadier</i>	<i>Thales II</i>
	LE COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO—SON INFLUENCE MYSTIQUE 24	STIGMATISATION—MIRACLE OR AUTO-SUGGESTION? 50
		<i>W. J. Turner</i>
		THE COMIC AND TRAGIC IN MOZART'S OPERAS 53

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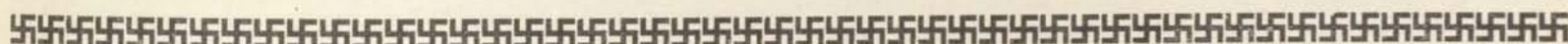
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Our Point of View

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium recently sent a letter to his Prime Minister. The letter was reproduced in the world's principal newspapers, and, as is the fate of all progressive innovations when they are first put forward, it fell flat.

Whatever formative details may have been accepted temporarily by King Leopold and his advisers, there can be no doubt that the general inferences to be gained by a reading of the letter are the most enlightened ever put forward by a ruler of any country at any time. There is every reason to believe that the suggestions were based upon a very real understanding of world problems and of the distribution of raw materials, allied to a far-sighted perspicacity and humanitarianism reflecting nothing but credit on a young monarch who already has the respect of all thinking people. Sooner or later economics will be wrested from the bungling hands of politicians; just whether that will happen before or after another world upheaval no one can say. Our excuse for referring to King Leopold's letter in this journal is obvious. We set out in the belief that the coming years will establish as physical scientific facts the conclusions of occultists not

only as they affect the private spiritual life of the individual, but as they affect the economic life of nations. For those who have ears to hear, King Leopold's letter is an event of the first importance.

* * * * *

The *Scientific American* recently announced the publication of a new journal devoted to PARAPSYCHOLOGY. This new word is hardly the most beautiful addition that has been made by psychologists to the vocabulary of long-suffering tongue-tired students of a science that knows more words than facts. It will be devoted to clairvoyance, telepathy "and other arts of mind-to-mind communication without benefit of the inventions of science." The new science is both rightly and wrongly named. "Para" in the Greek bore such meanings as "faulty," "improper," "wrong," etc. The Editors are Professor William McDougall and Dr. J. B. Rhine, perhaps the most important names in America in their own line of research. Whilst objective excursions of this nature into the realms of the occult are only additional evidence of the welcome change which is imbuing

modern thought, we think that a happier and more apposite word could have been found to designate the nature of the studies.

* * * * *

In the July issue of *THE MODERN MYSTIC*, we indicated that our readers are in nearly every country in the world. We did not mean to infer that our circulation in any way approaches the hectic figures of Fleet Street. What we do say is that after seven issues, *THE MODERN MYSTIC* has a larger circulation than any other independent occult journal in the world. In the August issue we set out the Editorial attitude towards organised mysticism, the kernel of which implies the grateful recognition of the work of contemporary societies and sects whose claims to the consideration of the student and layman are genuine. The next step lies with our readers. Whether you are a Theosophist, Rosicrucian, Anthroposophist, Sufist, Martinist, Freemason (especially in the higher degrees) you have a number of things in common with all other students, the greatest of which is, without any question, a realisation of your essential brotherhood irrespective of race, creed and colour. To deny that is to apply an entirely gratuitous brake on the benefits which otherwise should, and would, accrue to you from your loyalty to your own particular Sect or Order.

* * * * *

Still another new publication from America is "The World Observer." It is issued under the Editorship of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. As a review of a general nature it is interesting enough, but, we think we were entitled to expect a journal of more than merely general interest from such a distinguished quarter. Mrs. Bailey's work is of course well known in this country, and we wish her journal all success.

* * * * *

With the article in this issue, Mr. Alan W. Watts concludes his series, "The Spirit of Asia and Modern Man." The many readers who have sent us letters of appreciation of Mr. Watts's work will be interested to know of his new book shortly to be published by John Murray, under the title, "The Legacy of Asia and Western Man." The publisher says:

"There are so many ideas in this book that a summary is impossible. It must be bought or borrowed (from a friend who will abide its delayed return with patience), for on nearly every page is enough to keep one occupied in thought for hours. The seeds of these ideas are taken from the greatest minds of the Ancient East, and we say 'seeds' because this is not just an account of Eastern wisdom. Its purpose is rather to relate the legacy of Asian thought to the life of modern man, and find thereby a greater depth of meaning in Christianity, in the 'New Psychology,' and (lest we drift away into mere ideas) in life itself. Mr. Watts shows that Ancient India and China can be for us what Greece and Rome were for Europe of the Renaissance; they can give fresh nourishment to a civilisation which now feeds mainly on its own achievements—a form of 'spiritual consumption.' Yet even if one has never studied Eastern thought or European history, here is unusually clear and stimulating insight into the living problems of even the least learned of men."

"The Legacy of Asia and Western Man" will be issued at 6s. Copies may be obtained through this office, price 6s. 6d. post-free.

* * * * *

This Month's Concurrence. Dean Inge is reported as saying: "We want a new reformation. . . . It will be neither fundamentalist nor modernist; but it will rest upon mysticism, which is the practice of the Presence of God, and upon rationalism, which means confidence in science."

The Editor

THE WAY IS THE WAY—(continued from next page)

The light came suddenly. It was not Nature's dawn. Another light, of an unimaginable day stood bright before him. And he who for so long had dwelt in twilight must at first avert his eyes as he came out into the light, into the morning. Into the morning!

The old life that had clung to him damply seemed to have tumbled to pieces like an old shell, a dried-up mould. He felt he was out, out of the narrow house, and could go where he liked, be what he liked. A blue sunny sky stretched above him, trees fluttered in the breeze, and he went, stick in hand, over dell and hill without looking back. And the farther he went the more clearly he understood that all these things—himself—were but symbols and metaphors of a miracle by whose dim candle he had read in the book of life a sorry page, confused and deceptive: and a nameless usher had closed the book and carried it away. "Yes," he thought, "I don't want it. I don't want anything."

We had trodden the winding path, and now see how it is. To die and arise again with strength to create living beings and yet to be, in your integral self, but a figment of the mind of God. For we had, each of us, been only a note in the mind of Divinity; and just as a melody is the appreciation of distance between one note and another, so the music that reaches us, beside which all the Mozarts and Beethovens pale into shadows, has all living things for its keyboard. "We carry you to a new life, new ecstasies." We stand there by the roadside, and a long procession of saints goes past us, climbing the hill on which stands the shining cathedral. We march with them and we stand on the hill to receive them: for, in the end, the Father and the Son are one. The wide ugly road of our life which had suffered frost, rain and mud, had freed itself from the domination of winter; the gold-domed cathedral booms and peals in a transport of joy, announcing that Christ is risen and the Father and the Son are at one. And the mountain spring is all a-flutter with the glad tidings; little brooks scurry down head over heels with the news. But everywhere they arrived too late: as they came gurgling down the steep slope, in the valleys, on every rung of the mountain side, snowdrops and buttercups, daisies and bluebells, already stood up and greeted them: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" And when the scurrying brooks rushed down in rivers to tell the fields and woods of the lowlands, all Nature was already astir. But everywhere Nature came too late. The exulting cathedrals of man boomed and pealed the news into an early spring sky. And all the Sons of the Morning in their praise of the Lord were shouting for joy. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what glories He hath prepared for them who love Him. For one brief moment only were we allowed a glimpse of that joy, that climax of highest bliss called the communion of saints: concurrence, ardent and passionate, in the working out of an order which the soul recognises as just.

The Way is the Way

A Poetic Presentation of the Mystic Way

(Author of "Resurrection," "Of Mortal Love," etc.)

THERE are no short cuts to Paradise.
Or are there?

That depends on what you choose to call a short cut.

It is perhaps not the length of the journey that is of account but the intensity, the purity, the sustained character of the experience. John Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over, but the way is the way, and there is an end."

The way is obviously uphill. All mystics agree that it is steep to begin with. When, leaving the still somnolent streets of the town behind us, we begin the ascent our thoughts are heavy with the things we have left behind us. As we continue by the acclivious side-wind through the pine woods and the red sun rises to meet us, our thoughts run before us and we follow them on the mystic way. The winding ascent fills our lungs and heart with an exhilarating sense of sustained achievement. (Which is dangerous to our spiritual progress: competitive humility lies too near the sin of pride.) The town in the valley now stretches deep beneath us. More mountains, like ghost ships on an uncharted sea, loom into sight as we climb the spiral grass-edged path, encountering more flowers on our way: snowdrops, buttercups, daisies, bluebells, primulas, violets, while little brooks scurry down head over heels to announce that spring is already come. For spring comes to the mountain before it comes to the plain. We spread out our mantles on the green slope of a sheltered warm valley where daffodils grow in profusion by the side of a brook and stretch our limbs and doze rapturously in the sun. Already lustless, in benignant peace, the life below that we have left passes through our mind without hurt.

Rising, we set out on the last but one stage in our journey, climbing hills without paths, cutting across pastures where frisky young cows, turned irresponsible on these heights, jump over the moon; now clearing gurgling brooks which still run hurry-scurry down to the valleys to tell the glad tidings; now stooping to drink the cool water. Increasingly we realise that the spiritual life has its own material delights; only the accent is not on the material. Thereby the material form itself stands out translucent in its beauty and showing the perfection of its lines. At last we reach the top of the shaggy mountain slope; above looms the gleaming naked dead rock of the summit. A separate journey this is. Not to be contemplated till our strength is replenished and our resources restored.

Now we lie on the edge of a plateau projecting perilously over the void and look down at the city of our troubles, miniature like on a map, the River Life bedded in the soft green folds of the valley, the parcelled fields, the dotted villages, the spired churches, all lucent and serene in the spring sun. Then we climb

the steep rocky way to the peak, clinging to loose stones and sending them rolling a mile or two till they rebound with a heavy earthen thud in the abyss. No more shrubs or alpine roses; nor a human habitation anywhere. On we climb till, in the first dusk, we reach the flat rocky mountain-top: there is nowhere higher to go. The air is amazingly light. We sit away on a rock, struck speechless by the mighty spectacle; the neighbouring mountain-peaks, all level now and grandly equal, look into the gathering dusk, heavy with unspoken utterance, listening, straining over, pricking their ears. On these heights they commune. Hush! Can you hear? "We shan't say anything . . . shan't say any thing. . . ."

What was it, when, the veil lifted, he beheld the unimaginable day? How it kindled a memory of a state of well-being native and near to him, from which he had been sundered. When was it? Where was it?

And around, inarticulate with the mystery, tower the mountains. Like ghostly dreadnoughts anchored in doom's waters, the rocky summits close their eyes in the ensuing gloom. When you look at a hill from below, it all seems perfectly easy and simple—you either walk up or else you walk down, according to whether you wish to find yourself at the top or the bottom. But as you begin to descend you find that the hill has a trick of breaking into new hills, new valleys, new precipices, that having at length reached the foot of your hill, you are still at the top of another, and rounding it to get into the valley, you are thwarted by another precipice. Dusk falls upon us rapidly. Stones roll dangerously beneath our feet as we feel our way down the slippery steep rock. Soon it is too dark to move at all. Where shall we sleep, where take shelter when night descends upon us? We are in darkness. Utterly lost. We are cut off. And there is no return. We see our past life—all bits and pieces now, no use for anything. All broken images. A broken mirror. These people of the town deep down in the valley, pretending to be individuals who thought that he was going to die and they go on living, when he knew that all life was one. He had been hoodwinked, taken in by the multifarious aspect of things, and had believed that souls were like small coin. There had been too many mirrors about reflecting the Soul, and he had believed that each mirror contained its own soul. But now, behold the fragments, the pieces: they reflected no soul.

And from above he looked at himself: who has broken my mirror? He saw them all; the partitions were gone, the mirrors were broken: he understood everything and he wanted to weep. But now already he could not utter a word and he let go of life.

Time passed. There seemed no ending. And there he still was, lifeless, so young, and waiting for the end. Why so long?

(continued in previous page)

Francis Bacon as a Rosicrucian —Continued from August number

IN the last number, a photograph of an original painting of J. Valentine Andreas was shown, with the significant letters F and B engrossed in the symbolic surrounding framework.

By comparing that photograph with the engraving herein an identity is at once clearly seen. It is a curious coincidence that the armorial bearings of the Andreas family, as here shown, contain a St. Andrew's Cross—the arms of St. Albans—with four roses, one in each of its angles; and this bit of internal evidence at least gives colour to my belief that Andreas and Bacon were but “two faces under one hood,” in exactly the same way as Shakespeare and Bacon masqueraded as distinctive personalities. The dual attitude thus taken up has led many investigators into line with the assumption that Andreas was the actual author of the *Chymical Marriage*, which was regarded as the veritable *magnum opus* of the Rosicrucian fraternity.

It is not my purpose to go over the ground of the hotly contested claims, for, and against, the Andreas authorship of the earliest publications, or “manifestoes” as they have been called, of the Rosy Cross revival in the seventeenth century, if revival it may correctly be described. That this organisation of the principal men of letters in Europe employed the ancient symbology and to some extent the ceremonials of the “Craft” in the Dark Ages

is not to be doubted, yet the aim of the later organisation—the reformation of the world—was intended to serve humanity as a whole, and not to be confined, merely, to local or sectarian interests. The illuminating books of Dr. Wm. Wynn Westcott, W. F. C. Wigston, Mrs. Henry Pott, J. E. Roe, Mrs. Oakley Cooper, and others,* may be consulted with advantage by those who require more than superficial information of the genealogy of the Rosy Cross.

As Dr. Westcott says in his “Historical Notice of the Soc. Ros. in Anglia,” “there are many students of history and literature who consider the narrative of the origin of the Rosicrucians to be of a legendary character, and it is no doubt that the events as recorded cannot be substantiated as facts by collateral evidence. There exists, however, a very numerous collection of tracts recording alleged details of the proceedings, doctrines and theosophic ideals of those who claimed to have been admitted to the Rosicrucian Fraternity, dating from 1615 down to our own times.”

There is evidence that in the previous year the anonymous book, *Fama Fraternitatis benedicti Ordinis Rosæ Crucis*, was addressed to learned men and to the governors of Europe. It has also been said that the work was circulated privately in manuscript for nearly four years previously. The story it tells is well known, and need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that it pretended to be a narration of a MAN who was brought up in a German monastery and left Europe with a friend on a travel to the Holy Land, towards the close of the fourteenth century. His friend having died in Cyprus, he journeyed from place to place by himself, visiting Damascus, Egypt, and Fez, seeking out

the most learned of the places which he visited. He engaged in close study, with them, of the old philosophies of Alexandria, and the Hebrew Cabala, and what was still possible to gather of the remains of the ancient Egyptian mysteries.

At length, he returned to Germany in 1402, and organised the Fraternity from amongst the friends who were found to be congenial to the study of philosophy—then regarded by priestcraft as black magicians. For this reason they took the only course of conversing in secret and keeping themselves closely to themselves. He is said to have died in or about the year 1484, and his body embalmed and enshrined in a secret vault. “C.R.” (doubtless Christian Rosencreutz) had expressed a wish that both his tomb and the Society should remain a guarded secret for 120 years, after which the leading links of the existence of the same should be divulged to certain learned men.

What I would specially point out is that the *Fama Fraternitatis* text closes with the Latin motto:

SUB UMBRA ALARUM TUARUM, JEHOVA

which, by a coincidence hardly likely to be the result of chance, is to be translated by anyone conversant with the “double alphabet” cypher of the Abbot Trithemius, as F. BACO (Baco being the Latin form of Bacon).

It is known that Dr. Dee (R.C.) purchased a manuscript copy of Trithemius' cypher for a thousand crowns at Antwerp in 1563, which the Rosicrucians printed and published at Frankfort in 1606, a copy of which edition I have in my library. This cypher may be arranged in circles (the original method, and called “Clocke” or “Wheel”) as after the manner of a clock dial, with the 22 letters of the early alphabet set equidistantly around the face, while a smaller *replica* of the same was pivotted at the centre and made to rotate (in relation to the larger dial) so that by any pre-arranged understanding between the parties to the cypher message, any given letter of the smaller dial could be brought into juxtaposition with any other letter of the larger dial, which would be the true letter in the interpretation. But Trithemius usually resorted to the practice of constructing a Latin sentence or sentences, in the external communication, taking pains to employ the *initial letters* only for the cypher key, the remaining letters of the text being non-significant. Thus, the *five* words of the Latin motto already noted above may well indicate that the movable dial should be turned five positions to the right, the A of the smaller, then becoming opposite to the F of the larger, dial. This may be shown likewise in two alphabetical lines:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
STVXZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQR
... ..

Reverting to the engraving of Andreas, note the emblematical significance of the lighted candle on the left side, indicating that the “Master” was yet alive, although reported as dead; while the hour-glass in the right side, resting on death as symbolised by a skull, clearly shows that the Sands of Time had not

* Notably “Robert Burton” in 1621, as “Democritus Junior,” says a good deal to inform the understanding reader in an “Apologetical Appendix.” (*Anatomy of Melancholy*.)

quite passed the narrow way to rest. Mark the letters F, forwardly, and B, backwardly, which appear to do duty for the osseous design of eyes and nose!



V. Andreas

The ostensible birth-date is recorded as August 17th, 1586. The Obituary, the year 1600, but neither month nor date. Deduct the term of life, and the patriarchal figure of the picture is thereby represented as having shuffled off the mortal coil at the juvenile age of 14! The cryptography of this picture is beyond doubt. There are several other conspicuous characters requiring elucidation which space forbids, but I cannot forbear to point out that the letters on the Obitus tablet cabalistically interpret the letters of the name "Francis Bacon," inasmuch as the Roman numerals, O, M, D, C, counted as letters of the Elizabethan (24-letter) alphabet total the mystical number, 33 (Bacon), and at the same time, counted by Bacon's known "secret" method, in the *reverse* manner, as Z = 1, Y = 2, etc., they total 67, which is the numerical equivalent of "Francis." Moreover, the equivalents of the letters of the Inscription—Joh: Valentinus Andreae—total 206, which is the "double" of "Shakespeare" (103).

A further connection of Bacon and "Shakespeare" may be seen by the application of the Trithemius cypher (as elaborated

by Bacon in the backward as well as forward movement of the dial) to the "Shakespeare" Sonnet, No. 76, second quatrain.

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?"

Here we have a collection of Sonnets with the name *Shakespeare* on its title page as the ostensible author, and yet, in the 76th of these, he propounds the query why he should still keep invention (poesy) in a noted weed (disguise), when every word doth almost betray his real name. Is this not an extraordinary paradox?

The very number of this Sonnet provides the clue to the real name of the author: Seven positions to the left and six to the right of the dial. Place the alphabets at zero, and the key-letters (the initials of the lines) W, A, T, S, when turned to the 7th position on the left, give O, R, N, M; while the same key-letters turned to the 6th position on the right, give C, F, B, A. The total letters, anagrammatised, yield:

M. FR. BACON

The authorship of the "unfinished" romance *The New Atlantis*, is confessedly Bacon's, and although "posthumously" published, it cannot be separated in matter and content from the letter and spirit of the Invisible Brotherhood at the time of its being brought out. As the profound Wigston says, "The Rosicrucians deduced everything from Light, and I leave those acquainted with Bacon's writings to judge how far this idea enters into his style and governs the 'Novum Organum.' A philosophical or ideal Republic, imitated from Plato's 'Atlantis,' was a Rosicrucian dream, and betrays one of their ends to be the reformation of Society. Campanella's 'City of the Sun,' and John Valentine Andreas' 'Christianopolitane Reipublicæ,' are examples of these Utopias, and Bacon, as *the Solomon of the Order* (itals. mine), writes his 'New Atlantis.' The proofs pointing to Bacon as the head of the Society are far more abundant and striking to those who choose to seek for them, or to reflect over what we adduce, than is supposed. It is no ingenious theory caught from some fancied parallels or imaginary resemblances."

(To be concluded)

THE MONTH'S MAGAZINES—(continued from page 25)

The Sanctum

(Bi-monthly). F. & J. Smithers, Belfast. (4d.)

"The Tare Seed," "Ether and Life of God" and Editorials are the principal features in the current issue of the "Sanctum." The journal maintains a high tone free from the cheap sensationalism that seems irresistibly to draw the lower-priced magazines devoted to the occult and mysticism. Its aims will commend themselves to our own readers.

Meditation, Clairvoyance, and Action

I.—INTRODUCTORY

I WISH that all students of mysticism, occultism, magic, spiritualism, and many others who feel the need for some kind of higher development of the life of thought, feeling and will, could somehow get hold of the fact that with the twentieth century a new era has begun.

Looking at the many movements, societies and groups devoted in their various ways to a search for spiritual and occult knowledge, one gets the impression that all are more or less mere preservers of old forms. Some are dependent upon an ancient Eastern wisdom and teach Yoga to the Western man. Some reflect in a modified way the mysticism and asceticism, or the alchemy of the Middle Ages or of the Renaissance. Some depend upon symbolism. Spiritualism justifies its phenomena (very often) by the Old Testament. Psychology is not unconnected with the ninth century, which inaugurated the denial of the Trinity by denying the predominance of the spirit of man over the soul*; while modern science, shedding its influence on the sphere of the soul, brings psychology dangerously near the theory that the soul is dependent upon the body—whereas the reverse is true. So even a denial of the soul may follow.

Meanwhile the revolutions of Time are carrying out their secret tasks; and human beings, guided by the destiny of the world, are making great discoveries in the realm of external history; but in the realm of the history of the development of the soul and spirit (and thereby of the bodily organisation) of mankind, there is no appreciable extension of knowledge. The fact that entirely different *states of consciousness* must have produced the pre-historic and early historic stages of civilisation is overlooked.

It is not a question of the degrees of intelligence possessed by man in the past: I believe that man has always been intelligent, but not "intellectual." A state of consciousness is after all a state of *awareness*—either more or less. Even sleep—if we accept ancient testimony—was once a state of awareness. To-day we apply the idea of awareness only to the waking consciousness. How would it be if we knew—as our far-off ancestors knew—that our dreams were an attempt on the part of the soul to dramatise the *supersensible* experiences of sleep?

The awareness of ancient peoples concerning the mysteries of Nature, for instance, and of the powers behind Nature, is not acceptable to the modern man who likes to call it superstition. Yet the capacity of the leaders of past civilisations—and indeed of all men in some degree—to clothe their awareness of divine things in pictures (mythology) instead of in thought-words, is to me a sign of an infinitely finer intelligence than our own. That we fail to understand mythology in all its

depth and wisdom is because our intelligence has become intellect.

But what is Intelligence? The word was once used to denote a spiritual Being. That it was so used was a last remnant of the recognition, now lost, that our present capacity of *thinking* is the descent of divine Thought into the forms of language. When the ancient intelligence grasped the nature of any phenomenon, it did so by direct contact with divine Intelligence. This contact later became less direct; and in its indirectness dawned in the soul as picture, or *vision*. Sometimes the visions spoke. But who did the speaking?—The human soul! For it had learnt to translate the vision into human speech; but at that time this speech was still "inspired"—breathed in—out of the divine Intelligence.

In the course of evolution the visions disappeared. They disappeared gradually, after the differentiation of the original speech into languages. "Babel" begins the downfall of a once inspired intelligence.

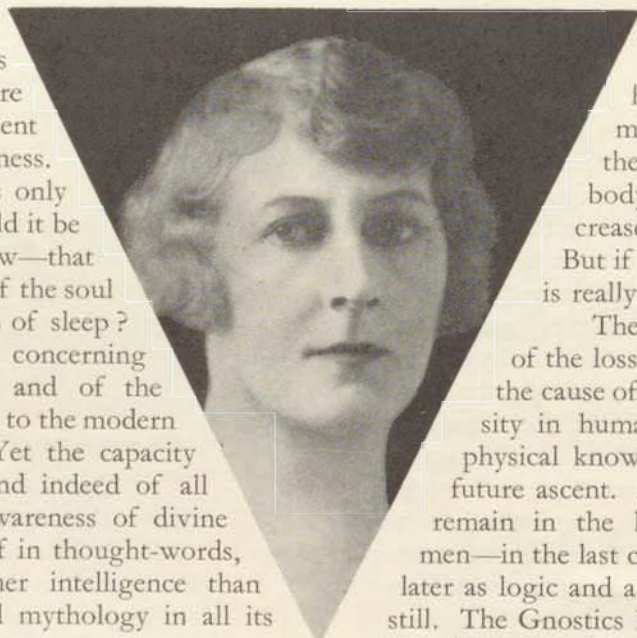
For centuries—even for millenia—however, the pictures or images of divine things were still available; but it became less and less possible to illumine them and interpret them through inspiration. The flower of the Greek culture was the bringing of spiritual vision down into marble and stone. For a time it was perfect. Its perfection vanished as the last of the Mystery Schools fell into decadence and finally were closed.

In Egypt, more than a thousand years earlier, the descent of the divine wisdom was invited by the youthful Pharaoh Akhenaten who, seeing dark imperfections and evil magic beginning to overwhelm the now weakened visions, inaugurated the more "material" worship of the Sun. The seed he planted, withered, but the onflow of Time justified his foresight.

What the soul and spirit experience changes the bodily organisation. Would not our bodies be shattered to-day if we were in constant "absence" from them like the people of old? What tremendous barriers against this escape has our modern civilisation built up! One might even think that it is the *revolt* against these barriers—which have so densified the body—which is causing so tremendous an increase in psychism and occultism and so on. But if so, can we say that our modern civilisation is really the *cause* of this revolt? I think not.

The character of our modern age is the result of the loss of higher knowledge and vision, but not the cause of our re-search for it. The loss was a necessity in human evolution, driving us to a profound physical knowledge, which must be the basis for our future ascent. And so the divine Intelligence could not remain in the heavens; it came down to men—into men—in the last centuries before Christ first as philosophy; later as logic and a "natural philosophy"; and later, deeper still. The Gnostics had called it Sophia, the pure Virgin Wisdom. The time of the Greek philosophers was the time heralding its final darkening. But there is in reality no break, no opposition

by Eleanor C. Merry



* At the Ecumenical Council of 869.

— as some think—between the philosophy of Plato and that of Aristotle ; because in the evolution of consciousness there is always continuity.

At that time : “ The later intellectual conception of the world had to be joined as by a process of growth, to the earlier *vision* of the world. . . . Both streams are a world-historical unity in the spiritual life of mankind. Platonism looks back to a pre-existence, the time before birth, but also indicates the need for an eschatology. In Plato, a mighty human Past is sounding to its end ; in Aristotle, are the great impulses for the Future. Plato looks to the East ; Aristotle to the West, revealing how the ancient visionary wisdom must be replaced by the concepts of Thought.” (Karl Heyer. *Das Wunder von Chartres*.)

It is the very permanence of the divine principle of Intelligence which asserts its superiority over the external forms of life. It is not our weariness that is driving us to seek for a renewed spiritual knowledge, but the unwearying energy of the *Intelligencies*—a former name for the Spiritual Hierarchies—Themselves. No matter how far their realm has sunk into the human realm and into the embrace of the human intellect, it pours out livingness and will not be denied its inherent force of Resurrection.

The twentieth century marks a change as great as that which was prepared by Aristotle. The divine Intelligence must be recognised once more for what it is, and become again wisdom—not intellectual cleverness—working through man. Thomas Vaughan in the seventeenth century, foresaw it, and called it *Anthroposophia*. But he clothed his vision of it in the forms of alchemy. . . .

In the last number of THE MODERN MYSTIC there was an article by Mr. Israel Regardie on *What I Mean by Magic*.

It seems to me that such a “ school of magic,” with most other “ schools ” of to-day that are looking for a form for the new rising life of higher knowledge, are still involved in methods which really belong to the age when spiritual education was a struggle *against the twilight* and approaching night of the old wisdom. The methods, through symbol and ritual, appealed to another part of human nature than needs to be appealed to to-day. For the twilight ended, and we have *had* our night. Morning calls less upon the sentient and intellectual nature of the soul, and more upon the Ego itself.

The Ego has this peculiarity in our time that it is capable of intense isolation : we can all feel the sole ownership of our “ I ” ; and for this reason it is capable of great objectivity, because it is so apart from everything else. This is a great paradox ; that that which is most inward is the most capable of sacrifice. “ The divinity dwelling in man speaks when the soul recognises itself as an Ego.” We, as beings conscious of ourselves as Egos—quite the opposite of ancient humanity which was conscious of the divine *outside* itself—can feel ourselves to-day psychically apart from the world as never before ; and this is precisely *the starting-point of selflessness*.

Love, which “ passes from me to thee,” is only possible when separateness has first been there. On the other hand all that takes place in men when they school themselves in mystical surrender by deepening the “ inwardness,” or by helping themselves with ceremonial magic to bring about an artificial objectivity of what is within, remains nevertheless subjective, inward-going. It increases feeling ; and may be even sensational. It seldom leads to a purgation of the *will*—the active, objective principle—which is the throne of the Ego. Spiritualism and “ psychic ”

(continued in page 10)

BOOKS BY

Eleanor C. Merry

The Flaming Door

This book traces the mystical development of ancient Celtic Mythology, showing it to be deeply connected with the foundations of Christianity. The Author points out how the gradual metamorphoses of the pre-Christian Mysteries of the West may be traced in their effects even in the world-problems of our own time. The book abounds in legend and folklore, and makes delightful reading.

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Spiritual Knowledge ITS REALITY & SHADOW

From time to time the popular Press publishes series of articles on such matters as the Life after Death, Reincarnation, or the Truth about Spiritualism, etc. These surely are subjects of greater mystery even than the latest discoveries of science. Yet they are superficially “ investigated ” and written about by those who have no knowledge of the spiritual laws that must govern the research into spiritual things. Any immediate danger that may lurk in these, and in the many authoritative spiritualistic publications, together with the psychic practices they encourage, is perhaps less important than the harmful elements they instil into general habits of thought, with serious effect upon that very life after death they purport to explain.

It is in an endeavour to point out *these* dangers, and the way to obviate them by a study of real Spiritual Science, that this book has been written. Chapters are devoted to such subjects as Sleep, Mediumship, and the use of mechanical contrivances as aids to knowledge of the spiritual world.

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(continued from page 9)

development are great offenders in this respect. They tend to create a creed of happiness and the practice of love out of a subjective mood of "all's right with a beautiful world."

Certainly the aim of all of us when it is directed towards the attainment of spiritual knowledge, must be prepared by bringing the subconscious into consciousness. "O Man, know thyself" was written over the entrance to the Mystery Temples of antiquity. This is an unchanging necessity; but the manner of its accomplishment must be fundamentally different in different world-ages. And it is just as necessary—in this age—to know our relationship in an occult sense to the outer world and to the whole Cosmos and its story of evolution, as it is to learn to know about our own soul.

The things that we *do* in life are done by making external the things that are "mirrored" within us—the results of former human and cosmic deeds. So every action in the outer world, coming from within, creates something outside which in turn changes again the inner life. The more we feel separated from the outer world, and strong as individuals (as now), the more critical is the situation in which we find ourselves. We have strengthened our Ego by mirroring the world; we must now strengthen the world spiritually by extending ourselves over it in love.

In the far future we must in this way become independent of any outer world—we shall desire none—because our interests will be the interests of the whole of humanity.

The danger in many occult methods to-day lies in increasing egoism inwardly. Psycho-analysis, for instance, sets free some aspects of subconscious levels of the soul so that the patient comes to realise objectively the nature of his complexes, and he is able to "look at himself." But the danger of the psycho-analytical method of attaining self-knowledge is, I think, that the subject surrenders himself to the will of another *without any previous experience in self-training*; he comes to it—because he is a patient—as raw material, in a condition of psychic disturbance and with a weakened Ego.

On the "magical" path (described by Mr. Regardie in his article) the practice of Divination has at least afforded preparation, assisted by the various forms of technique, before the subject is introduced by ceremonial to the evocation of the contents of the subconscious, which are then given tangible and visible form.

Everyone who has deliberately experimented with himself through meditation alone knows very well the subjective visions—taking animal, human, or semi-human forms—that arise in his mind like realistic dreams. It needs strength of soul and a wakeful and guarded consciousness to face them with an *inner objectivity* and calmness. And this is good, if we can attain it. But it is another matter altogether to create an artificial (in the sense of "art") magical materialisation of them. It seems again almost like a denial of the state of *self-consciousness* (and by that I mean a feeling of independence in the Ego) which western humanity has reached, that one should in this way have recourse to what was usual in earlier times and is now in the nature of an anachronism.

That there are in the main three important divisions in the path of attainment, I am sure. But I believe that these are best traversed (and later I shall allude to this more fully) by combining exercises which, on the one hand, educate the soul in the inner life, and on the other hand, in a similar way, in the outer life of

action—simultaneously. The importance of this becomes clearer if we look at past history.

If one has the opportunity to study the ancient religions of different parts of the world (and the best medium for such study is to be found in various books and lectures by the occultist Rudolf Steiner, because these are much fuller of detail and historical as well as occult evidence than any other modern works) one will find that the whole religious culture of the ancient world was divided into two main aspects. Broadly speaking, on the one hand and more especially in southern parts of the world, spiritual experience took an *inward* direction, into the depths of the human soul. On the other hand, in more northern countries, it was directed outwards into Nature. These paths of experience, and the mystery cults connected with them, seem to have been quite distinct from one another, with the exception of certain Mysteries of ancient Ireland and their offshoots.

It is not possible here to discuss this fact in detail of course. One can characterise the two tendencies as "Dionysian" and "Appollonian."

Probably everyone who thinks about spiritual things at all—or even any brief analysis of our feelings about modern life will show it—feels acutely that these two "worlds," the inner life of the soul and the outer life of action, are *now* irrevocably bound up together, in each one of us as well as in all world-relationships, and not peacefully, but in indescribable conflict. Kipling, in his poem "The Sons of Martha," expresses this unity and conflict in his own inimitable way.

Everyone recognises probably that all self-training must be directed towards establishing somehow a certain harmony between the inner and the outer life, which in ancient times was not felt as a necessity. The *coming together* of the two paths was brought about by Christ-Jesus, whose teaching and example were representative of the perfection of harmony between the inner being of man and the world.

The greatest teacher of the inner way before Him had been Buddha. The greatest teacher of the outer way before Him had been Zoroaster. Steiner once said that Buddha had brought to the world the "wisdom of love"; and that Christ had brought the "force of love." The "force" or *active power* of love represents the perfect combination of "Wisdom" (Zoroaster) with "Compassion" (Buddha).

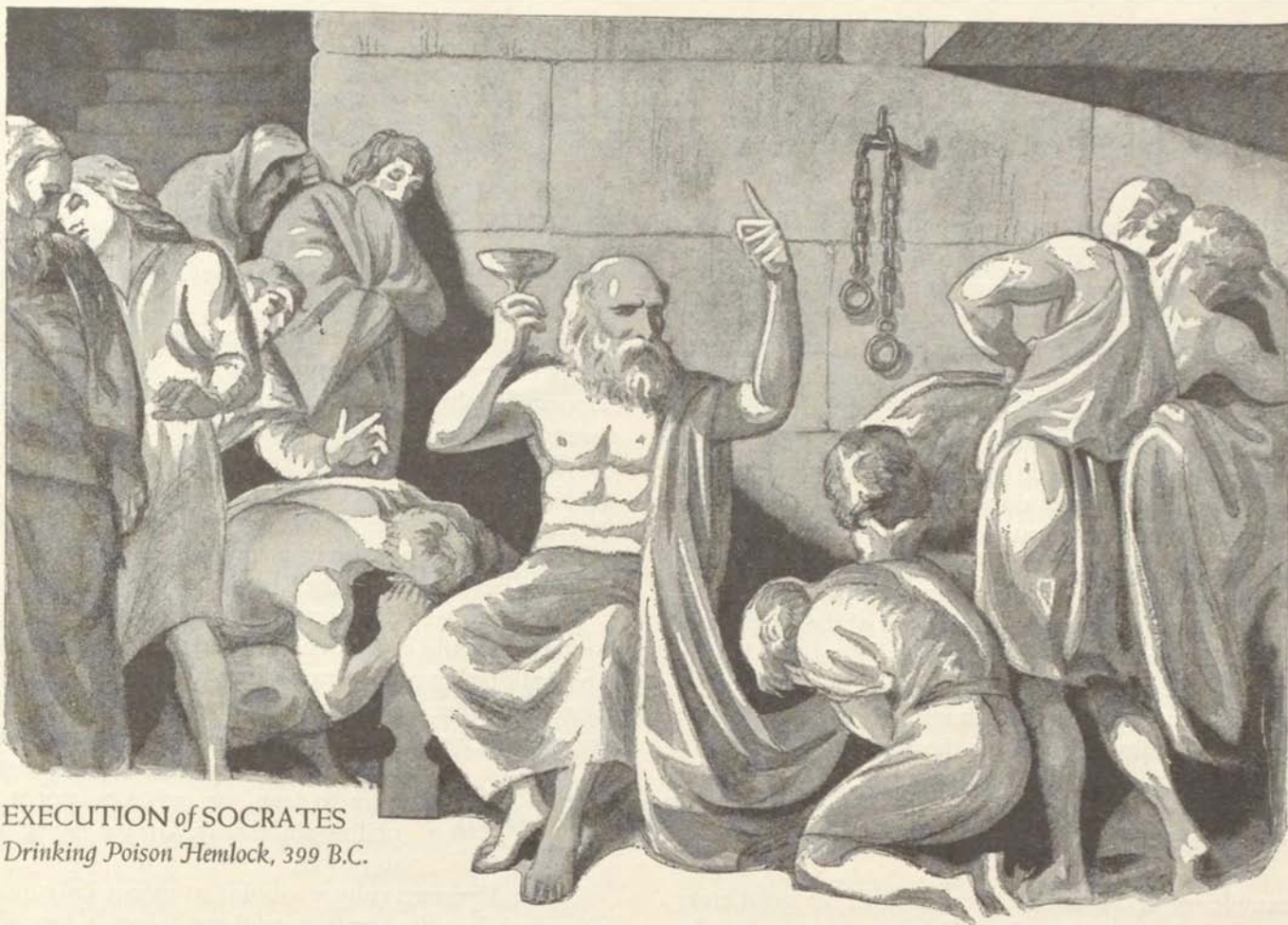
In his interesting *Credo* in the August number of THE MODERN MYSTIC, our Editor says: "The advent of the new age will demand the objective application of occult science."

So there it is. We cannot continue as "mystics" in the old sense, but must find the way to introduce what is of the Spirit into the hard facts of technology and science and world-economy.

To many people this seems so "unspiritual." We all would like no doubt to be "Marys" served by the "Marthas" of the world. But this is a new era; and it is the era in which we have to "put on the whole armour of God" and go down into the battle. Before it is too late.

When in the Mysteries of Hibernia—the greatest Mysteries of the ancient world—the pupil was confronted by two immense stones or statues, he was tested to the point of death by the questions they evoked in him. Through one he learnt the *Maya* of the outer world (*Science*), and through the other the truthlessness of his own soul's imaginations, hopes, and desires. The soul

(continued in page 22)



EXECUTION of SOCRATES
Drinking Poison Hemlock, 399 B.C.

Did Socrates Tell All?

WAS THE *source* OF HIS WISDOM *revealed?*

Did the potion of poison, stilling the flowery tongue of Socrates, lose to the world the source of his wisdom? Were his last words but a challenge to humanity to seek further? Would a man who so courageously faced death that wisdom could survive, selfishly take with him into the grave the secret of his amazing powers? What words did he whisper to his grieving companions and disciples on the eve of his execution . . . words that never reached the ears of eavesdropping guards? Stealthily, it had been his habit in the still of night, to meet with others in the shadows of a grove, there to discourse on *the mysteries of life*. For so daring to inquire into the ways of nature and man, he was condemned to death. Who were these nightly visitors he had? From whence did the knowledge they imparted come? Were they the secret of his power? Was he but a channel through which a strange wisdom flowed? Each disciple left the death cell with a glowing radiance. Had Socrates disclosed to them the source of his knowledge which fashioned the thoughts of men for centuries?

Today it is known that secret brotherhoods, mystery schools, wrested from nature herself the wisdom which

gave the ancient sages their personal power. **BUT** it is little known that in this day and age these brotherhoods still endure, and regardless of creed or sect, extend to the sincere, gems of wisdom *potent with possibilities for accomplishment and extraordinary attainment.*

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Iron Meets Greek

WE have considered two important stages of culture, the Nomadic and the Agricultural. In this my second article let us, for a moment, see how mankind's evolution is linked up with the metals. We find that, at first, in the Babylonian and in other Asiatic cultures, copper was used, as, indeed, is quite understandable. At the outset copper is easily worked and, further, it can be found in a natural state, even in large quantities, in such a condition that it is not even necessary to melt it down, but it is sufficiently clean to be used as found. But copper alone as a metal is limited in its usefulness. It was found that when oxidised it became malleable, and of a greenish colour. From this developed the art of mixing copper with the next metal which appears, and this metal was tin. But the metal tin was found in other parts of the world, and so it occurs that the great meeting of East and West was largely brought about by the desire to combine these two metals. We find this expressed in countless legends with their stories of the Bronze Age, or the culture based on the mixing of these two metals, through which runs the continuous thread of how two great streams of the human evolution meet, the Eastern and the Western.

For example we find this clearly outlined in the great story of King Ilgamesh, how he came from Babylon, how he had the great desire to wander to Western countries, how he found there Xisuthros, the wise man of the Western Civilisation, and how he learned from him to mix tin with copper. It does not require much imagination to see how as a result of such wanderings not only have metals been mixed, new tools and new instruments created, but also how religious systems have been mixed. It is well known that in ancient times the seven metals, silver, mercury, copper, gold, iron, tin and lead, were considered to be the earthly expressions of seven divine powers, which are, in the main, expressions of the powers of the seven planets, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

Thus we find that wherever copper is used there is also the cultus of Venus, and wherever tin is used the cultus of Jupiter appears, and when these two metals are mixed a new thing appears, bronze, and a new stage of culture appears, the bronze culture, thus we see that the cultus of Venus and the cultus of Jupiter meet each other.

Our knowledge of one of the, what we may, perhaps, be allowed to call, stepping stones, to localise for a moment this very important stage in human evolution, has come to us from excavations at Mycenæ.

As in this article we propose to speak about Greek culture we may well start by considering a little carefully the very important and also very beautiful culture that was extant in the Ægean islands and at Mycenæ. It is more difficult to read the script and to understand what has been written in illustration of this Mycenæan culture than it is of all other parts of cultural work in Greece,

but we may say that beside the use of tools belonging to the first and second stage of the Stone Age, we find in the Mycenæan culture that bronze was used, also that a most beautiful and elaborate use was made of gold. It is almost incredible how elaborate is the gold work that we discover there and it shows clearly that we are in the presence of a very highly evolved and elaborated culture. This culture holds, as it were, the middle ground between the bronze culture and the iron culture. The iron age did not really come into being before the Roman epoch. I do not say that iron was not to be found or was not in use in earlier epochs, because it was used in Egypt as jewelry, but for a whole age based, so to speak, on iron and feeling iron as the great force in life we have to turn to the Roman culture and not to the Greek.

By turning to the Homeric poems we find how often bronze is referred to, and how often iron, and the analysis shows that they are mentioned in equal proportions, just half and half. By making excavations that belong to the Homeric age and to the previous age we find again that iron and bronze are equally distributed.

So we may say that Greece never turned fully to iron, or rather, to put it in a more philosophical way, Greece never turned fully to power.

The Mycenæan culture unfolds to us not only most beautiful gold work, but also very beautiful mythological facts and legends, and these legends, which are an open sesame, an introduction to the whole life of Greece, are also connected with the very earliest mythological stages of Egypt. From the excavations we find that in the tombs at Mycenæ there are certain things which belong to an Egyptian culture. In the mythology of Mycenæ Egypt is quoted at a very very early time, as is seen, for example, in the legend of King Minos. This in reality goes back to the first, second and third dynasty of ancient Egypt, King Menas of Egypt and King Minos being in this sense co-related to each other.

We are very deeply indebted to the excavations conducted under the auspices of the British School of Archæology at Athens, carrying on the work already intended by Schlieman, for much of our information: and the immense work which has been carried out by Sir Arthur Evans in his excavations of the Palace of Minos at Knossos has received world-wide recognition. The importance of his work can hardly be overestimated, and it will of necessity need time for his discoveries to be fully digested.

What has been called and is still widely known as the great Labyrinth at Crete, where, in the legend, Theseus met the Minotaur, has been oriented at Knossos, that vast palace of Minoan culture. Labries, to quote from Sir Arthur Evans—the double-headed axe.

Labyrinth is also a word which has an Egyptian origin, and we may say that to understand the Mycenæan culture we must also have an understanding of the origin of the first dynasties in ancient Egypt. Or to put it another way, these great steps of Neolithic culture carry the thread which

by Dr. W. J. Stein



links up Greece, the Continent and Asia. But now it is no longer a question of an imitative continuity of this Egyptian culture which we see, but rather a new developing culture which arises and grows up on the foundations of the earlier one.

Menas or Minos is a word closely connected with the German word *mensch* (human being), with the Latin word *mens* (reason, understanding), and Minos is the first king acting as a human being by virtue of human reason. We find in the Egyptian origin that the earliest kings are not considered so much as kings of dynastic periods, but rather as gods; ruling not so much as human beings and by the use of the human brain, but ruling by virtue of the great force of their divine inspiration and vision.

In the Egyptian legends we are told that first of all Osiris, the god of the inner enlightenment, the god of vision, ruled, to be followed by his brother Typhoon at the close of the epoch. Typhoon represents the first appearance of human intelligence created by what we should call normal human breathing. The breathing becomes different when mankind loses the faculty of having clairvoyance, and the coming of Typhoon typifies what is considered to be this lost faculty.

In the opposite way we find that Yoga breathing exercises are especially used to bring back this clairvoyance. Thus Minos is the king who still knows about the great and most beautiful world of vision which belongs to Osiris, and, as you will understand, when vision rules there is no fear. Fear of anything begins when vision ceases. As long as we can meet our ancestors, the shades, as they were called, of those who had gone, as long as we can see in the underworld, there is no reason to be afraid, but at the moment when we learn to use our physical brain which is pictured in the labyrinth (and the construction of the labyrinth is nothing else than the reproduction of the structure of the human brain in the form of a building), at that moment when mankind turns to use the brain and to leave mythological vision, he becomes afraid of death.

The story of Ariadne's thread is, in fact, the pictograph of this great truth. In it we find the great hero, Theseus, still clairvoyant, still not only the son of his father but also the son of Poseidon, who himself is not only the god of the waving sea, but also the god of the waving world, or the soul forces, we find that this hero, Theseus, can decide deliberately to go through the great adventure of meeting the Minotaur in the labyrinth; can advance to meet the forces of evil equipped with his physical instrument of intelligence, because he still holds his clairvoyance—he is not afraid to see into the underworld. He is using what modern mankind calls logic, reason, hence conclusion—the going from one definite step to another—and this is the thread of Ariadne.

It is very interesting that there are two versions of this story, one written for the people who already have logical powers—which is the thread that leads Theseus out of the labyrinth; the other telling us that Ariadne gave him a most beautiful crown of golden leaves and that this crown had the power of throwing light into the darkness of the underworld, and so it was when he had this gift he could go out from the labyrinth.

We find in the same way that King Menas and what he stood for as representing the Egyptian culture, and King Minos in the story that reproduces facts of Egyptian culture in Greece, indicate two great points in human evolution; when mankind turns from clairvoyance to the normal use of the physical brain for the purpose of evolving logical power. This evolution culminated with

Ariadne, who was in full possession of faculties sufficient to find a way out from the labyrinth. When we deal with the time of Alexander the Great, we will see that between these two points of evolution there is a definite epoch—the creation of the logical forces in Greek culture.

The ruler of logical forces, the ruler of eternal wisdom is Zeus, but the Greek people generally desired to see Zeus in the form in which he is described in Homeric poems, as gathering together clouds (Nephelegetes), as the light or brilliance of the sunrise or sunset, as the presence of the beautiful colours of the rainbow, as the one who gives all kinds of order in the cosmos. They liked to see Zeus, how he worked in pervading the earth, and how the manifestation of this heavenly order can appear in the atmospheric phenomena. They considered Zeus to be the great model which we should follow when we create not the rainbow but idea.

You will find from Greek legends that Zeus did not remain always with his wife Hera. Hera did not like his adventures, she wanted to have him in heaven and to possess him alone, but it was right for human evolution that the heavenly order should meet with the earthly powers, and for this purpose Zeus had to descend from heaven and had to contact human beings and mix with them, and it was through this that the great heroes of Greece are born, becoming the first of those who by human cleverness are able to create the pattern of the heavenly order.

But especially in Mycenæ we find Zeus, everywhere else we find Pluto, everywhere else we find the idea of Hell, but here in Mycenæ we find that Zeus himself is the ruler of the underworld. This is very important because this underworld is, in fact, our brain and Mycenæan Greek philosophy is thus shown as starting to preserve in the form of mythology and vision all the tradition of ancient Egypt, but leading at the same time always forward towards everything which is connected with the real Greek evolution. There is a special festival in Mycenæ which recurs every eight years, and is connected with astronomical facts. Mycenæ was in possession of great astronomical wisdom which originally came from the orient, and from Babylon, as also in the form of the culture of Ishtar or Astarte, as it is called in the Phœnician form.

A very considerable knowledge was preserved of the planet Venus. Venus always close to the sun and accompanying the sun upon its course—accepted by the astronomers as never being in opposition to the sun and always closely associated in its dance rhythm with Mercury. Venus does not always appear at the full, but in the same way as the moon is sometimes in eclipse or a crescent. Everything which we are accustomed to say about the full moon or new moon can also be said about Venus, and as we should expect from this it was recognised that Venus is sometimes bright and shining and sometimes less bright and less shining, further that she would appear in her greatest beauty when she shows her fullest light. It might be thought that this would be when, like the full moon, she was at the full appearance, but the strange thing is that this is not so. It is an astronomical fact that once in every eight years Venus is at her most beautiful and gives the greatest amount of light to the earth, but this occurs not when she is in her "full moon" appearance, but when crescented. Modern astronomy has explained this by showing that it is at the time when Venus is nearest to the earth.

This moment was known and there was a festival, and in the same way that other people have festivals connected with the

new moon and full moon they in Mycenæ had their festivals that were connected with the different phases of the planet Venus. They would speak about the beautiful lady and her brother, the moon, and how they had been turned away into the underworld, and how it became possible that after they had unexpectedly disappeared, and at a time when we should not expect the light to return—the light, in fact, returned, and the beautiful lady Venus and her brother reappeared. They could, as they said, resurrect, and it was this resurrection which was celebrated with such fervent joy in their great festival.

In an exhibition at Burlington House last year, arranged by the British School of Archaeology at Athens, there was a room specially set apart where were exhibited a great many of the finds excavated by Sir Arthur Evans from the Palace of Minos at Knossos, and amongst many other intaglios of beautiful workmanship was a golden ring, which is called the ring of Nestor. The ring itself shows the tree of life dividing the story that it tells in pictorial form into four parts, as is the usual custom in eastern stories. We see in one part the brother of this lady Venus and in another part how they go down to the underworld, in the lower segment how she is accompanied by her own soul, to whom she raises her arms in embrace, and in this segment there appears a figure that would seem to shrink from the ordeal of going down to the underworld, whilst she is confident in her own resurrection. It is interesting to see these two forces developed in this way on such a ring.

The soul forces are always pictured with the head of a griffin, and the griffin is frequently winged, emblematic of thought. In the top sector of the ring can be seen two chrysalises and two butterflies, accepted in Minoan culture as representing the soul, and from this we can see that the figures in the ring are those of the dead, are, in fact, souls. Butterflies may be considered to be nothing else than the great forces which we have in our brain, and which are freed from the brain when death has occurred. We find, therefore, that the great problem as to how to deal with the underworld was the salient question in Mycenæ.

There were two teachings, one that we should not despair when we die as we will resurrect, and the other a deeper, more esoteric teaching, showing how the way down to the underworld is death, and we are preparing for that way in our birth. Fear is the labyrinth, and we are buried in our bodily forces, but our soul will resurrect like the butterfly from the chrysalis. You can see that it was a teaching which, starting from the same point as in ancient Egypt, did not move towards mummification, but went in the opposite way. From this Greek culture started. So it is that the Trojan heroes, when they came back from Troy, went through the last great stage of a culture of clairvoyance, of priesthood, on their way to the foundation of Rome where Greece meets iron.

The Trojan war was 1200 B.C. The foundation of Rome was 747 (Quintus Fabius Pictor is the source of this date) not 753. It is an astronomically fixed point indicating to us that the rising sun in the spring changed over from the midst of the Zodiac sign of the Bull to the midst of the Zodiac sign of the Ram. The ancient cultures do not count the Zodiac signs from their beginning, but from their midst. Rome which was destined to spread Christianity over the whole world was founded at the time of such a change, when one great house or sign of the Zodiac changed over to another. Mycenæ still belonged to the previous great cultural epoch. For this reason the picture of the bull is

everywhere to be found presented both joyously and seriously. There is the sacrifice of the bull for religious purposes. The bull appearing in every phase of life. For example when Poseidon sends his great bull out from the sea and the horses of Hippolytus shy and he falls dead. The bull everywhere, and not least in the very beautiful pictures of Minoan culture that are now revealed to us where the picked athletes of Knossos—men and women of highest rank—are shown performing their amazing feats, swinging from the horns of the charging animal and turning their graceful somersaults over his back.

The heroes leaving Troy and approaching Italy stay for a while in Crete and here Anchises, the father of Æneas, dies and is buried. But Æneas meets his father's soul in the cave of the Sybille and learns the mysteries of the souls that have already passed over, from the knowledge still preserved in the religion of Crete. From Virgil we derive a great deal of knowledge and can trace in his works the first indications that show how the later great work of Dante was informed by the wisdom from Mycenaean knowledge.

Æneas meets his father Anchises after his death. He asks him if it is true that the human soul goes on many earthly lives of reincarnation, and Virgil gives us this most important answer, that the King of Troy, Anchises, appears in the underworld to his son and says to him: "It is not only true this great teaching of reincarnation, but see how it is true, see how the souls gather around the axis of the world," and he goes on to describe, in the same way as Plato, how they watch, how the whole world according to the law of this rotation, moves the rising sun in the Spring from one sign of the Zodiac to the other. Then he shows him that it is the souls which have passed away in Troy that reincarnate in Rome, so that the same people are the souls of Troy and the souls of early Rome. Then Æneas looks back to Crete and sees how their great culture of clairvoyance started in Egypt and Babylon, and is followed by the next wave with the earthly culture of iron, of power, a searching for God in human form, in the form of a Cæsar or in the form of Christ.

What is the meaning of the ten years' war between Greece and Troy? The conquerors who destroy Troy are the kings of Mycenæ who, coming from the island where is the labyrinth, already possess intelligence. With them is the human being who possesses the greatest intelligence, the greatest cleverness, and he is Odysseus. The horse was always the symbol of intelligence. When intelligence is winged it becomes fantasy, that is Pegasus. The intelligence of Odysseus is not winged, so the heroes Agamemnon, Menelaus and Odysseus go into the wooden horse and through that destroy Troy, they go into the intelligence symbol and destroy Troy, and this destruction of Troy is indicated in the soul force of Laocoon. He is the high priest of Troy, the snakes kill him, the symbols of intelligence. But it was not so easy to destroy the old culture of clairvoyance and to replace it by intelligence. Not so easy to turn from the divine culture of Asia Minor to the human culture, the culture which is nearer to the earth, i.e. of Rome.

Asia is the land of the gods. Asura is the word in the Sanscrit language meaning God, God working in the light. Asen in the German language are the same, Gods of light. Asia is the land where the human being is clairvoyant and lives with divine beings. Rome is a Greek word, Rhome, and means force. From the country of the Gods culture turned to the country of force, power, learning to use iron. This is the start of the path marked

out by the developing Greek culture, but it was not so easy to destroy the all divine Egyptian, Babylonian and Asiatic culture. It was not allowed. So when Agamemnon and Menelaus and Odysseus and their followers came to the harbour and waited for a wind the gods did not grant them this wind which was necessary to enable them to go over to Troy and destroy it.

Further, it was not right for the daughter of Agamemnon to marry the warrior who was destined to destroy Troy, so she was taken away to an island and became the priestess of Artemis. It is both an historical and a symbolical event. That a new culture should be created was only permitted under one condition that the old culture of priesthood and clairvoyance be somewhere preserved during the time of darkness. To preserve it was the great aim of Iphigenia. The Greek heroes could see how the blood came from the altar, between the curtains, but they could not see that this blood came from a hind—the holy animal of Artemis.

The word Iphigenia means: "Iphi"—"out from my own forces"; "Genia"—"created, born." Iphigenia preserved clairvoyance through her practices and exercises and this power was associated with all the cultus of Artemis and was held in the islands of Asia Minor. We find, for example, that it was only when clairvoyance was destroyed in Ephesus that Greek intelligence and philosophy was born. Elsewhere the old clairvoyance and culture was kept alive by certain individuals, and through them this holy wisdom was preserved. When intelligence is born and clairvoyance disappears, the order of casts, the order of the blood is changed.

In the Indian evolution this is shown in the great story which is a part of the Mahabharata. In the Bhagavad Gita Arjuna is told by Krishna to kill his kinsmen; it is always the same. Clairvoyance is based on hereditary powers, is based on the inner relationship of blood, but when clairvoyance disappears the light of the gods goes and human intelligence is searching in the labyrinth; then the human being feels isolated, becomes individualised, and the old order of blood disappears. The two orders in reality are in opposition, the order of the individual which is not elaborated yet, and the order of blood, which is no longer working. Æschylus realised this problem, although he was not initiated in the mysteries. He was accused of having published their secrets. He had to fly, but he could show that he was allowed to publish what he published because he never entered into the mysteries. When he was a boy Dionysus appeared to him when he was lying down in his father's garden, who was, himself, a servant of Dionysus, and who was initiated in the mysteries. The god appeared to Æschylus and told him the time had come to publish the old mysteries of blood, and so he went and became the great writer he was and wrote his "House of Atreus," the "Orestes" and his "Prometheus," and wrote about this great turning point of human culture.

The great day when the "Orestes" was first performed in the theatre was the day when the Areopagos met for the first time—this meeting being celebrated by a play. In the same way that Minos was the first human king to use the human brain, so the Areopag was the first law court to establish justice as a *human* institution. All the other courts of justice before this were divine institutions of priesthood.

Æschylus wrote on this gigantic topic and unfolded the story of Mycenæ. We see Orestes pursued by the Furies, daughters of the gods of night associated with blood, watching that no one should kill related blood, and we see that Orestes escapes.

Orestes dramatises this new-found teaching, where the god of day says there is more value in the relationship of husband and wife than in the relationship between a son and his mother, proclaiming: I have not chosen my mother with purpose, with free will, but the wife or the husband have chosen each other by free decision. Apollo says this is true, it is more holy what the human decides with consciousness than what blood decides unconsciously, and Apollo says to the audience: "Which will you choose?" and the poet turns to the Areopag: "Here is your case, decide!" The Furies, the daughters of night, have watched over the old order of blood. Orestes has offended it. Hear the new order of the world, of the individual being, the order of Apollo who is light: "Where human responsibility and intelligence replaces the old clairvoyance and blood relationship: which will you choose?" and the Areopag is silent.

The same number of voting stones were cast for one side as for the other, the same number of black and white stones, but Athena comes and she takes a white stone, the casting vote, to free Orestes, who says a new epoch has begun.

Thirty thousand people watched this play, and at the end all were silent, nobody could speak, and there were two stairways that approached the theatre. One was empty, it was reserved for the dead. This play was given before an audience of dead and living. Before it began the sacrifice was made to Dionysus because it was a part of the Dionysian mysteries unveiled according to the command of the god himself by Æschylus, his individual, his pupil. It was not so easy for Greece to deal with individuality, it was a new idea!

Plutarch says Dionysus is a dismembered god, i.e. a diversity of our senses. Apollo has to be understood as A-polys, which is "not-many," but rather the oneness, the singularity of human egohood. Dionysus is the human spirit dismembered by the titanic work of the forces working in the blood. Apollo is the indivisible unity of the human soul accompanied by the muses, the forces of the human souls. The time of Dionysus working in the blood was over, and Mycenæ was his last citadel. The time of Apollo began and Aristotle fulfilled his work. It was difficult for the Greek people to accept Apollo and become the followers of Apollo, defending the Apollonian culture of responsibility against the Dionysian forces which became now decadent. But they did it.

The start of all these great events was the content of the Eleusinian mysteries. To understand how difficult it was to understand egohood we may consider Alcibiades. He was one of the first human beings to feel "I am"! "I am, and so I can do what I like." He made his dog look like a rat by cutting off his ears. You will say he was a naughty boy—he was, but so happy. He enjoyed so much this discovery that he was an individual self—all himself. Not even Hermes could be anything to him. He defaced the statue of Hermes, although this is still denied by some—there are still white stones and black stones—but no god took revenge. He was one day the leader of one party and one day the leader of the opposite party. What a joy to discover to be somebody. There are many such stories and even if the half of them were untrue, the rest is enough, and even if we do not know which part is true and which not, the illustration is all sufficient.

Or take another event. Herostrat had the desire to be somebody but he was not. He discovered that he was not able to do any splendidly great and good thing, so that his name would be

(continued in page 23)

The Spirit of Asia and Modern Man

VI.—IN PERSPECTIVE

OUR treatment of the wisdom of Asia has of necessity been brief. Indeed, we have done little more than to indicate the essential principles of her three greatest teachers—Krishna, the Buddha and Lao Tzu—and we have seen that when their teachings are reduced to their elements they are remarkably similar. All three embrace a fundamental principle which may be called the principle of “surrender.” For Krishna, it is detachment from one’s own personality as distinct from the Higher Self which uses that personality as an instrument. For the Buddha, it is the giving up of *trishna*, the desire to cling to things, to keep them from changing, to hold to life and reject death, to seek pleasure and shun pain. For Lao Tzu, it is *wu-wei* or “non-assertion,” which is to cease to seek for the Tao through the knowledge that one has always had it. Furthermore, Lao Tzu’s “non-assertion” may be described in exactly the same terms as the Buddha’s giving up of the desire to possess. These are three negative precepts, but we have seen that in each instance they have an essentially positive result. For in truth it is their opposites which are really negative, for the paradox is that to cling violently to the forms of life is to deny and to kill them, just as a living, running stream is no longer a stream if we try to shut it up in a reservoir. Therefore if we imagine that the Eastern religions would have us deny life just because they ask us to give up life, we miss the point entirely. On the contrary, it is only when life is given up that it can live. There is a saying, “Live and let live”; we should do well to ponder the word *let* and consider that we can never give ourselves a chance unless we can first let our selves go.

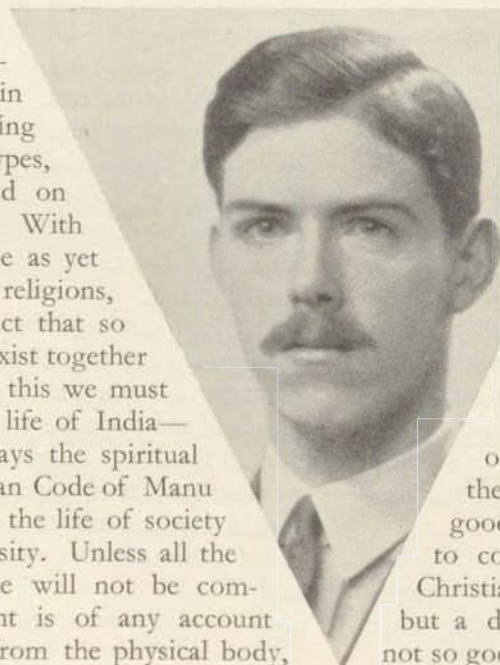
This, then, is the fundamental principle of the Eastern wisdom, and for that matter of Christianity also. In applying it to our lives there are two things to be remembered: the first that it can be applied in a great multitude of ways corresponding to the vast diversity of human types, and the second that it can be applied on every plane of spiritual development. With regard to the first, we have said little as yet about the astonishing variety of Eastern religions, or even of the still more astonishing fact that so many different forms of religion can exist together with so little conflict. To understand this we must go to the foundations of the religious life of India—a land which has been in so many ways the spiritual fountain of Asia. For the ancient Indian Code of Manu is based on the fact that the universe, the life of society and the life of man are unities in diversity. Unless all the divers elements are cared for the whole will not be complete, and, conversely, no one element is of any account apart from the whole. If we begin from the physical body,

we shall see that man has three main organs—stomach, heart and head. These correspond approximately to man’s three relationships to the world—to substance (economics), to other people (politics) and to ideas (culture). The Code of Manu therefore divided society into three castes or functions corresponding to each of these three relationships. The Vaishya or merchant caste cared for substantial needs; the Kshattriya caste of warriors and rulers was responsible for political order; and the Brahmana caste of priests cared for the needs of the spirit. These three divisions corresponded in turn to the three essential qualities (*gunas*) of life—Tamas, the earthy and inert; Rajas, the fiery and active; and Sattva, the watery, the level and balanced. In the same way the Code of Manu laid down that every man had to fulfil himself in three corresponding ways, and therefore it taught three great arts of life: the art of Kama, the care and development of the sensual functions, the art of Artha or citizenship, and the art of Dharma or religion. At the moment we are concerned with the latter, and here again we shall find a threefold division based on just the same principles. For it was recognised

that they are, broadly speaking, three types of people who will approach religion best in three different ways, and hence there arose the three forms of Yoga: Karma Yoga, the way of Action in the substantial world; Bhakti Yoga, the way of the heart, of feeling and emotion; and Gnana Yoga, the way of intellect. And just as the air covers earth, fire and water alike there was another Yoga for highly developed people which embraced all three ways, and this was known as the Royal Way of Raja Yoga.

With this foundation it was possible for Hinduism and its offspring, Buddhism, to become the most diverse religions in the world. The many sects of Buddhism can in some ways be fitted into the same threefold division, though this is not altogether the result of any conscious direction. Men are naturally divided in this way, and consequently their ideas will grow accordingly. But we can say that the East has, on the whole, adapted itself more easily than the West to this fundamental principle of human nature because of the ancient Indian tradition of Manu. But human nature so often contradicts itself, for though it is essentially diverse it can seldom agree with good grace to differ. The West is perhaps especially lacking in this grace, for once it discovers a “good idea” it can never rest until the whole world has been induced to find it equally good. The most obvious example of this is our attempt to convert the East to Christianity. Without doubt Christianity is a good religion just as the egg is a good food; but a diet composed entirely of eggs would be decidedly not so good. The rose is admittedly a beautiful flower; some

by Alan W. Watts



would call it the most beautiful flower, but no one in his senses would advocate the abolition of all other flowers until positively "all was roses." Another example of our Western horror of diversity is the growth of Fascism and Communism. Both of these cults insist on uniformity and regimentation, and will tolerate no disagreement, but they do not grasp that uniformity is anything but unity. You can only have unity if you have a number of different things to unite; if everything is the same it is not a unity but a clod—a homogeneous monstrosity. Heraclitus said that life "is a harmony of opposing tensions, as in the lyre and the bow," and the one thing that the leveller, the regimentalist cannot tolerate is tension. He wants everything to go in the same way, just like those who want all pleasure and no pain. Yet here again we meet the old paradox, for it is precisely through trying to avoid tension in this way that he increases tension, for in asserting one opposite he simply aggravates the other. Therefore the East would have us relax, let go, accept the tension, and here again it is not denying life but making it more abundant. For if the strings of your lyre are only to be drawn in one direction, they will remain slack. But there is something holding them at the other end, and we are so intent on getting away from it that we shall soon break the strings. And in either event there will be no music.

We come finally to the second point, that the principles of the Eastern wisdom can be applied on every plane of spiritual development. We would go even further than this and say that they must be applied on the plane of development on which you stand now. So many people in the West imagine that to grow in wisdom they must cast aside all the ties and responsibilities of worldly life, that they must stunt their ordinary, earthly faculties (which they certainly do not know how to use) in order that they may develop new occult and psychic faculties. But it must be recognised that the pursuit of these things has nothing whatever to do with religion; it is purely a question of science. Religion is concerned rather in being faithfully, fully and intelligently what one is. If a wheelbarrow is a good wheelbarrow and serves its purpose to the utmost, then, from a religious point of view, it is just as good as a high-powered car. With a little clever scientific adaptation it may one day be converted into a car, but this can hardly be done while it is still poor as a wheelbarrow. Certainly the car is more effective than the wheelbarrow, but even so it does not follow that it serves its purpose as well. Religious attainment is therefore measured by the extent to which we serve our purpose and understand our purpose, and in this sense an ordinary man with a family and a business may be more enlightened than a great ascetic and magician. If you can fully see into your purpose here and now you may attain the greatest Enlightenment; all that you may add to yourself thereafter by way of powers and faculties will only make you more efficient. But efficiency without understanding is not only useless but dangerous; certainly efficiency is necessary, but please let us have the understanding first.

It is said that Enlightenment is the end of religion; at present we know nothing of the end, but of this we may be sure: that Enlightenment is most decidedly its beginning. And where should we look for that beginning? If Enlightenment is also the end of all experience, let us look for it too in the beginning of experience. Some imagine that it is found in peculiar states of consciousness accessible only to faculties which ordinary people do not possess. But should we be disappointed if we were told

that the supreme religious experience is nothing other than our ordinary everyday experience of walking, seeing, eating, breathing, laughing, sleeping and thinking? This, we may feel, is something much too commonplace, too familiar, too dull, too uninspiring. Yet that is only because we are too proud to admit that it mystifies us utterly, that these simple and elementary affairs are much too profound to understand. Van der Leeuw has said that the mystery of life is not a problem to be solved, but a reality to be experienced. Might it not then be wise to apply again the old Eastern paradox and understand life by *letting* it be a mystery?

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"For in the twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognise that the Secret Doctrine has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined, and, finally, that its teachings antedate the Vedas."

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

THE original Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky and her colleague, had three declared Objects, and these have remained as the true platform for Theosophical work ever since 1875. These Objects are: (1) To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour; (2) The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and (3) The investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature, and the psychical powers latent in man. It would be difficult to imagine more comprehensively stated Objects for any Movement that sought to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions. Indeed, the effort to understand and apply the Objects so set forth forms in itself a valuable exercise for the growth of real perception. What had H. P. B. herself to say about them, viewed in the light thrown by the Esoteric Philosophy upon the eternal trinity of Deity, Nature, and Man? Fourteen years after the formation of the Society we find her still devoting a good deal of attention to assisting students in the elucidation of the meaning of the Objects, having regard particularly to the record of calumny and misunderstanding besetting the Movement owing largely to vanity and misinterpretations. She discusses, for instance, in her *Key to Theosophy*, the causes which made Universal Brotherhood appear to be an Utopian ideal. After enumerating the natural selfishness of human nature, and the perversion of our ideas of right and wrong by the literal acceptance of the Mosaic Bible, she stated that Theosophy alone could get rid of the evil "by demonstrating on logical, philosophical, metaphysical, and even scientific grounds, that: (a) all men have spiritually and physically the same origin, which is the fundamental teaching of Theosophy; (b) as mankind is essentially of one and the same essence, and that essence is one—infinite, uncreate, and eternal, whether we call it God or Nature—nothing, therefore, can affect one nation or one man without affecting all other nations and all other men." She then goes on to emphasise the fact that, if the root of mankind be one, there was every need to impress men with the idea that "there must also be one truth which finds expression in all the various religions." This One Truth is confirmed by the student of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and thus the all-embracing synthesis of the Secret Doctrine is glimpsed, with all the consequential shattering of preconceived ideas, of theological dogmatism, and scientific materialism. The third Object, pointing as it does to "unexplained laws" and "psychical powers," had little or no bearing upon isolated phenomena. The duty of the Theosophical student under this heading was made crystal clear by H. P. B., though, unfortunately,

by B. P. Howell

few listened to her at the time. It was (and is) first and foremost to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions; "To oppose and counteract—after due investigation and proof of its irrational nature—bigotry in every form, religious, scientific, or social, and *cant* above all, whether as religious sectarianism or as belief in miracles or anything supernatural; and to encourage study of the occult laws "based on the true knowledge of nature." It is not a difficult matter to judge how far existing Theosophical organisations have remained true to the original platform, or have departed from the principles laid down by the Teacher. Here, in a true appreciation and faithful application of these declared Objects, will the student of occultism discover the Outer Court of the Temple of Wisdom. They will form a lamp unto his feet in his search for Truth, and, if he be intuitive, it will not be necessary to underline the importance and value of a realisation of these ideals—simple though their expression may be, judged only from *appearances*. Two instances, reminiscent of the spirit of H. P. B.'s teachings in the matter of forming an Universal Brotherhood, may be quoted from recent addresses. One is by Lord Tweedsmuir (better known as Mr. John Buchan), the Governor-General of Canada, who, in a speech delivered on June 17th this year to a Conference on Canadian-American affairs, declared that: "It is the common spirit, the similar modes of thought, the same purpose and ideals, that make the true basis of co-operation." The other was a farewell address by Sir

William Beveridge as Director of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London), in which he said: "Without better understanding by man of his own nature and that of human society, civilisation is in danger." And where is this common purpose, this understanding of human nature, to be found except in the Aryan Philosophy outlined in "The Secret Doctrine"?

At the root, then, of the practical aim of achieving the objects of the Theosophical Movement of the nineteenth century, we find a Teaching called Theosophy (the equivalent of *Brahm-Vidya*). That teaching establishes three fundamental propositions, given by H. P. Blavatsky in the Proem to "The Secret Doctrine" as:

1. An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable Principle on which all speculation is impossible. . . . This Infinite and Eternal Cause . . . is "Be-ness" rather than Being (in Sanskrit *Sat*), and is beyond all thought or speculation.
2. The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane . . . the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of nature.
3. The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul. . . . The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort

and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations.

A comparative study of these principles in relation to ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, will demonstrate the underlying unity of aim, purpose, and teaching of the Theosophical Movement in all ages. A comprehension of the doctrine of the *upādhi* (Sanskrit), applicable as that is to all the varying stages of manifestation, is involved in any understanding of the essential relationship that exists between Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement, and between the Movement and Theosophical organisations in the outer world. H. P. B. defined *upādhi* in her "Theosophical Glossary" (a posthumous work) as conveying the meaning of a basis, or vehicle, or something less material than the object under consideration, as, for instance, ether—the *upādhi* of light. In this sense, Theosophy has its primal embodiment in the Movement initiated from time to time by its Adept custodians for the unveiling, under cyclic law, of portions of the Secret Doctrine. In so far as Theosophical organisations working in the public arena promulgate the principles of the Theosophical philosophy and exemplify in practice those principles, they may be said to be faithful to their trust, but not otherwise. It is for this reason, among others, that a close study of the three Objects of the Society founded in 1875 is imperative, if the student is to avoid the pitfall of interpreting Theosophy in his own sectarian manner, and to realise the correlative and integral nature of those Objects by the pursuit of which he may hope to become a Theosophist *de facto*. Theosophical organisations and occult societies, many of them founded upon a personal leadership and a system of thought built up from ill-digested fragments of psychic experiences, may and do come and go before our view. But the Theosophical Movement stands ever, for the intuitive student, as a witness to the truth of the Hidden Wisdom and its Adept Custodians. Where ignorance, selfishness, and poverty of mind and body, with their attendant suffering, are abroad, there the workers in the Theosophical Movement (by whatever name they may call themselves) are to be found, endeavouring to dispel the darkness by the light of wisdom. For, as H. P. Blavatsky never wearied of pointing out, "a true Theosophist" is one who "must put in practice the loftiest moral ideal, must strive to realise his unity with the whole of humanity, and work ceaselessly for others." Equally emphatic was her warning to the Theosophist, however well-meaning, who tried to practise the powers called abnormal, without possessing the true light of Occultism—"scientific Theosophy, based on accurate knowledge of Nature's secret workings." Such an one "will simply tend towards a dangerous form of mediumship" (or even unconscious black magic). That is why she ever encouraged her students to look before they leapt, to forget themselves in working for the welfare of the world, to exercise their capacities for service within the ambit of the famous Three Objects, and to have regard to "the limit which separates the exoteric from the esoteric, the *blind* from the *conscious* magic."

In the task with which the student is faced H. P. Blavatsky brought to his aid the comparative method of enquiry, as is most clearly indicated in the declaration of the Second Object. Her pioneer work in this field of comparative research has never been adequately recognised nor has her provision of a nomenclature for occult studies. The general effect of the method, in all departments of knowledge, has been to break down racial, social,

intellectual and psychical boundaries, and to bring all classes of men into new conceptions of their relationship with the world in which we live. It has revealed a remarkable resemblance among peoples all over the world, to the growing detriment of pride and arrogance, yet without hurt to those qualitative differences that enhance and enrich human life and culture. It has demanded of its students a great impersonality and a self-elimination of preconceptions and prejudices. To be of value in this sphere of work the student must be distinguished by those qualities which Sir Michael Foster, the President of the British Association in 1899 said should always characterise the scientific worker—truthfulness, alertness, and courage—such qualities as those which permitted Professor F. Soddy, F.R.S., to say in an article in "Harper's Magazine" (December 1909): "... science, up to the close of the 19th century, had no suspicion even of the existence of the original sources of natural energy"; which allows the student of philosophy, while subscribing to its definition as "the process and expression of rational reflexion upon experience," to widen the circle of experience to include that "discipline and progress of the soul towards perfection" which the English philosopher, the 3rd Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713), defined as being "religion." H. P. Blavatsky's contribution in this respect may be seen in its true perspective when we realise that, at the close of the 19th century, the comparative method of investigation was practically excluded from all fields other than those of anatomy and philology. Even to-day the knowledge acquired by the comparative method remains the possession of the few, and sectarian votaries have not been particularly zealous in removing the mists of superstition. As an example of this devotion to historical error, Mr. F. Legge reminds us in his "Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity" (Cambridge University Press, 1915) that the prevalent hazy notion that "shortly before the Coming of Christ, the Pagans had tired of their old gods, and, lost to all sense of decency, had given themselves up to an unbridled immorality founded on atheistic ideas," is, as he puts it, "almost the reverse of the truth!" H. P. B.'s work in these fields still awaits recognition, even by those scholars who most deplore bigotry. She utilised the comparative method to demonstrate the existence of a Wisdom-Religion—"the primitive soul-satisfying philosophy of the Aryans"—from the earliest ages of which there is record. And if we ask why it is that the teachings of that Wisdom-Religion have for so long been more or less of a sealed book, even to "advanced" nations, she tells us that one of the reasons was given by St. Paul to the cultured Athenians: "a loss, for long centuries, of real spiritual insight, and even interest, owing to their too great devotion to things of sense, and their long slavery to the dead letter of dogma and ritualism." And then she goes on to explain the reasons for the secrecy that has inevitably accompanied the real Occult Doctrine: "Firstly, the perversity of average human nature, and its selfishness, always tending to the gratification of *personal* desires to the detriment of neighbours and next of kin. Such people could never be entrusted with *divine* secrets. Secondly, their unreliability to keep the sacred and divine knowledge from desecration. It is the latter that led to the perversion of the most sublime truths and symbols, and to the gradual transformation of things spiritual into anthropomorphic, concrete, and gross imagery." Can we truthfully say that this "human nature" is not prevalent and

(continued in page 25)

The Mystic Way

IV. MYSTIC INSPIRATION.

WHEN we know that "the contemplative life is sweetness exceedingly lovable," we have experimental knowledge of the nature of the soul. It is a condition of quiet enjoyment of spiritual love and peace, wherein the voice of personality is silenced and the life of form transcended. It may also suggest a condition so alien and remote from modern existence as to be regarded askance by all but a few of privileged development and circumstances. Yet such is the condition, and the mystic way invites to it. It is regarded askance by the majority because they are so immersed within the life of form—necessarily and unavoidably in the circumstances it may be, but that is not the point—and can only think and act in accordance with the rhythm established therein, that consequently any idea of a larger rhythm beyond form which is grounded upon love and repose and finds its greatest power in quiet self-containment, is to them either a negation of life or a renunciation of its most important values. Nor can a different attitude be expected in them until those values lose their compulsive attraction through failing them at critical junctures of life and they turn with wise reflection to consider the one stable factor of existence, the soul and the meaning and purpose of its incarnation.

"Meantime within man," said Emerson, "is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One." In that realisation the "sweetness exceedingly lovable" is touched, impregnates the aspirant, in mystic contemplation. Thence may arise mystic inspiration. The term usually denotes the action of the creative impulse as manifested in high artistic achievement; but in its present application it might be more particularly denoted as the divine afflatus. It is this peculiar, distinctive and urgent influence of the soul which comes to fruition in special instances in the contemplative state on the mystic way. Not a little curiosity and speculation are awakened in those who observe the results of this superphysical contact in an initiate of mysticism. But he who has it is usually at a loss to define it. Why? Not only because the spontaneous expression of the soul defies adequate definition, but because, unless soul speaks to soul, misunderstanding is inevitable. If we asked a great artist how he produced the grand effects he does with such magical ease and sureness and the absence of all apparent effort, he would be unable to give us the formula. There is no formula. He could point undoubtedly to unremitting labour and crucifying attention to detailed procedure in the past; but that is only the way of preparation, as is the technique of the mystic way for the aspirant who now expresses with abandon the life of the soul. In both cases the same agency is at work. The vehicles of expression are prepared through endless toil for the purpose in view; then the form of preparation is surpassed and the inspiration of the soul dominates the artist's work, as the mystic afflatus descends upon the dedicated aspirant and prompts him to being and doing better than he knows. From that complete surrender of himself to the life of God within him, from the silence in which he lives when the personal self has lost

character and voice, comes the infallible guidance and moving influence of the divine monitor which touches with its genius the work of his hands.

This divine creativeness is the highest function of the soul. There are many states and graces of the mystical life, each of individual value and beauty in its own domain and bearing witness to the awakening and supremacy of the soul in man; but it is submitted that there is none that surpasses in divinity and worth the creative attribute which instils into the contemplative mind representative types of divine wisdom for the enlightenment and inspiration of humanity. But there is need for careful discrimination in this matter on the part of the aspirant. It is true that ardent natures often go farthest: they also pay sharp penalties for their enthusiasm. Some aspirants are so possessed with their own sense of efficiency when once they take the mystic way, that they lose both the judgment and the discrimination customary to them in ordinary life and make the most extravagant claims of an inspirational character. It cannot be too often affirmed that if

by *Raymund Andrea*

the creative life of the soul is to find expression through the aspirant and be of real service in the world, it must have a well ordered mind at its disposal. Nevertheless, the belief is common, even when thinking of the Masters of the path, that the latter because of some special privilege or evolution demonstrate their technical brilliancy through an act of grace; that so ordinary a function as the intellect in the exercise of its various faculties is not in requisition and, indeed, is not necessary; that by supernal prerogative they exercise their multifarious abilities spontaneously and with scant reliance upon the vehicles of expression on which we have to rely. Nothing could be further from the truth. Should the aspirant reach a stage of pupilage under a Master, he will receive one of the most impressive lessons the mystic way can teach him. He will witness a demonstration in the intricacies of personality technique as applied to the threefold life which will astound him. Not only in the direction of spiritual exaltation, insight and prescience, but in the knowledge and exercise of faculties and powers in the purely mental realm he will see an example of developed and organised forces which might well thoroughly dishearten him, but that the fact of witness to it is a promise of tuition to like mastery. That demonstration of Master inspiration is a dialectic of the soul; but it is based upon the logic of an organised mind. The latter must come first. There must be an architectural order and symmetry in the mental life, a logicalness and depth, precision and clear-sightedness, which are proof against illusion and glamour, if the truth of the soul is to be correctly recorded and transmitted in a form for human helpfulness. For under the accelerated vibration to which the aspirant is now subjected, if the substructure of the mental life is not deep and strong, balanced and formal—we cannot do without form; we but transcend it to return and use it from a higher level of insight and power—the most inconsequential phenomena may haply be considered as of momentous value. It often is so. Hence we see among aspirants of indifferent preparation many

instances of sentimental and incoherent outpourings of sub-conscious accumulations into a passive and ill-regulated mind which are believed to be nothing less than divine revelations. The history of spiritualism affords many examples of this : and so does that of pseudo-mysticism. I have had the privilege of reading some of these revelations, still awaiting publication, and no greater travesty of authentic mystic inspiration could well be imagined. True mysticism dissociates itself absolutely from these scripts of automatic delivery from dark and doubtful sources.

Mystic inspiration is the voice of spiritual intensity and truth, of the soul itself in moments of high exaltation, and its utterance bears the stamp of originality and certitude. It does not derive from a condition of passivity, but from an altitude of positive receptiveness, in which the whole living organism is at high tension at a point of maturity of development in all its functions. It is, if one dare say it, a reflex action of the inner fire following upon a prepared assault upon the kingdom of God within, and endows the aspirant with the ability to translate the divine types into language and action in world service. Note the implications of this fact. Lesser things than this may come on the way, but they are only the alphabetical articulations of the language of fire. It is pardonable if these intimations are mistaken by the aspirant for the afflatus itself. It is something to enter into the first fruits of the life contemplative, and there is no wish to disparage them. But they are little better in value than the high moments of the intellect in its best estate. They are still within the life of form. He seeks the divine creativeness which emanates from the fire of the resident soul, dominant and active in its own formless realm. Comparatively few attain it because the term of discipline is long and exacts much. Therefore many are tempted to take the easier path of passive surrender and mediumship and rest content with the reflex communications of other minds no further evolved, perhaps a good deal less, than their own. Yet this is less than a caricature of mystic inspiration and never made an aspirant a teacher of men.

It is obvious that during the endeavour to enter upon the contemplative stage there will ensue certain reactions to the extension of consciousness achieved, and the awakening of the soul will announce itself in different ways according to the type of aspirant. Hence in some, emotional stresses are in evidence and voices or visions are concomitants. These phenomena are common among aspirants. Whether the voices come from without or within and what is the precise interpretation of that which is sensed, are usually matters of speculation ; and in the case of visions of various kinds, such as lights and colours, geometrical figures and fugitive forms, these are unconnected apparently with anything in the objective life of the individual and become a common source of perplexity through the absence of any logical relationship or interpretation. In others, such phenomena as telepathy, psychometry and automatic writing are experienced ; and whereas the two former are open to reasonable explanation and capable of test as to accuracy of results obtained, the latter is usually a symptom of mediumship which calls for positive mental interposition to offset it. The gift of tongues and the grace of prophecy have, in common with the above, been considered as of secondary importance and of little objective value ; signs of morbid disorder and neuropathy, and therefore rejected by true mysticism. But this assertion is open to objection. They may be classed as inferior gifts to, and possibly hindrances in the way of, that condition of mystical realisation wherein all objective life

is transcended and forgotten and the mystic dwells in bliss and peace in the radiance of the soul. Those are rare moments of the super-life when the highest things we know or can conceive are not worth the having. If they come, it is well ; but if they incline the aspirant to discountenance the instrumentalities of active service in the world, it is not well they should be frequent. The gift of tongues and the grace of prophecy are indeed possible emergencies of the mystic inspiration of the soul ; so much so, that they are rarer than true inspiration itself and would probably only emerge for the purposes of special service.

Putting aside therefore both the phenomenal aspects of the mystical pilgrimage, and the exceptional gift of tongues and the grace of prophecy, let us consider the basic fact of inspiration, to which the former may be stepping stones and of which the latter may be emergencies for extraordinary service. Some authorities assert that the inspirational condition on the mystic way is of comparatively rare attainment, and the majority of genuine aspirants only reach the phenomenal stages mentioned, or at most the condition of ecstasy. I do not think this statement is open to question. Those with experience of various classes of aspirants on the path would probably confirm it. I offer two factors for consideration in support of it. One is, that special and congenial circumstances are requisite in which daily preparation can be followed in order to invite the mystic afflatus. This does not imply what is called retirement from the world, so much as certain favourable surrounding conditions which are peculiarly helpful in isolating the aura and rendering it non-conductive of disturbing vibrations from the world of form. If this is questioned, let it be remembered how much positive cancellation of intruding elements is necessary during the meditative term in order to attain the quietude and non-resistance in which alone the contemplative state can bear fruit in the life. But of far greater importance than this is the second factor ; so much more important that it can considerably minimise the factor of circumstances and render it almost negligible. I refer to the degree of inward evolution of the aspirant. Indeed, we touch very closely here the secret of mystic inspiration.

Let us consider two types of aspirant. One is taking methodically the necessary stages of the way, and every step is hard won ground. It is new ground : he brings no reserve of development with him. It is his first speculation into the life of the soul, and even years of study and meditation directed to development have only just succeeded in changing somewhat the established rhythm of the personality and enabled him to recognise some response from the soul as an active force in his life. Certain phenomenal aspects of this development may be vouchsafed him and are an indication that one or other of the psychic centres is functioning. Beyond that stage of mystical gift or grace he may not proceed far in the present cycle. There is a constitutional accommodation to be made to give reliable effect to that new aspect of consciousness. He cannot pile phenomena on phenomena at a rapid pace. Fortunately this is so, for mental equilibrium and physical health are of first importance ; and to force development at the expense of these is not the aim of a wise aspirant. And if this phenomenal stage has been reached for the first time in the course of his evolution, it is obvious, bearing in mind the slow processes of nature in consolidating a new condition of extraordinary functioning in the constitution, that he will not supersede this condition very quickly and in one life. Nor do I think he would be anxious to do so ; for the opening up of psychic avenues of contact and information

will prove all too engrossing and demand all the ability of adjustment he can bring to it: and it is certainly better that he should endeavour to thoroughly understand and accommodate the personal life to that which is given, putting it to such legitimate uses as he can to enhance his technical grasp of the psychic intricacies of his nature as they emerge. Therefore, in such a type as this, and authentic data show that the majority of students fall within this category, it may well be doubted whether the flowering of the mystical life, which confers superior graces and among them possibly the special creative function of inspiration, will be attained in the present cycle.

In contrast with this is the rarer type, but of which there are a few examples to-day, as there have been many formerly. It is that of the aspirant who takes the mystic way with a burden of past knowledge and development to his credit, and who has passed through the preliminary stages in a former cycle. Avoiding technicalities, it may be briefly said that his psychic nature is well developed, that the heart and head centres are aligned and functioning; in which case, the phenomenal aspects will be either rapidly revived and retraced, or transcended completely without conscious memory and review, and the higher life of the soul will be brought quickly into requisition. Then we may have the inspired teacher or doer, expressing the divine types of wisdom in some form of artistic comment or practical action in world service. But by no means always. It does not follow that, because of this maturity of development and swift alignment with the life of the soul, the mystic afflatus should necessarily become part of the aspirant's equipment. In my opinion, true mystic inspiration is only likely to appear in conjunction with mature inner development and for a very special purpose, as in some form of leadership or literary expression. But the higher stages of the way confer a diversity of gifts, and that which is given will be suitable to the type of recipient and that which he can best use. I have known many recipients of mystical gifts, but rarely one who could claim the surpassing gift of inspiration. Yet these aspirants have been of marked inner development and in a notable stage of pupilage. Practically all of them were contemplatives and manifested one or other mystical gift or grace, yet none showed the special gift of inspired utterance.

What does this fact reveal? Why is it that even among those who have been long on the way, have entered into the life of the soul and, moreover, received extraordinary graces and the gifts of lucidity, vision and divine love, there is wanting that climaxing gift of the inspired word which burns into the souls of men with irresistible force and persuasiveness and thereby proves its validity? It is because the personal life has not yet surrendered itself so completely to the compulsive fire of the informing soul as to forget its formal utterance and demand with utmost urgency that the voice of living truth within the veil shall take its place. If the aspirant would have an example of the mystic afflatus using a prepared and sanctified personality for the blessing of man, he would do well to peruse the "Imitation of Christ." It is a classic example of the contemplative mind at the highest point of exaltation, wherein the fire of mystic inspiration has taken complete possession of its instrument and expressed through it a theme of commanding exhortation and instruction. Lofty and beautiful in conception, yet simple in diction, the compressed fervour of its spiritual cadence moves and incites heart and mind as do the words of Christ Himself. Let the aspirant ponder deeply upon the fourth chapter: "Of the king's high way of the holy cross" in

that book, and note how, in its brief, inclusive and pious comment, it surveys and enunciates with inspired vision the mystic way of ascension to union and communion with Christ as by a divine fiat. What does *this* fact reveal? That the disciple became as his Master and uttered the wisdom of His presence. Therein lies the secret of the mystic afflatus. That is why it is rarely encountered, even among those on the mystic way. What is lacking is the simplicity, the self-abandonment and the divine passion of the soul resurrected from the dark tomb of selfhood, consequent upon the realisation in the heart of the heavy burden which lies even now upon the heart of Christ in humanity. Until that realisation comes the aspirant may be contemplative and dwell in "the sweetness exceedingly lovable," but the fire of the hidden temple will not become articulate in gracious utterance to enlighten and bless those who stand without.



MEDITATION, CLAIRVOYANCE AND ACTION

(continued from page 10)

is an Artist, creating itself from within. So the second statue appeared to him as the representative of *Art*.

Between the impermanence and unreality of the outer world, and the bitter permanence of his own inner magical phantasy of creation, there could be no harmony, until he realised the *third* thing which could transform and unite them. So out of this polarity was born a trinity: the third was the supersensible power of Him who held the keys of death (the outer world) and of hell (the sin of the soul).

We call this power *Religion*: or we call it Christ. Like a shadow the mysterious statues of Hibernia—the inner and the outer Angels—fall across our modern world, asking us to solve their riddles. . . .

We are desperately in need of the realisation of this threefold path of knowledge. Man is everywhere overwhelmed by the stark facts of the technical scientific civilisation he has created, which in all directions wrings his heart with helpless compassion. This civilisation seems to have nothing to do with the Spirit. Yet the very fact that the evil in it shocks us, reveals the working of the Spirit.

If, as an antidote, we try to become modernly ascetic, we wither away because of the coldness that even intellectual separation from our fellow-men engenders in us—showing us that our place *is* in this world after all. But without spiritual knowledge the world destroys us. At every moment we are faced with this problem: that a religious—or a contemplative—life alone, is useless because it no longer seems to be true; and that life in the "world," without spiritual knowledge, is destructive of the life of the soul.

In any case, we all have the same starting-point for any spiritual adventure. And that is, we must start from Thinking.

Later, in the course of these articles, we shall have to cross the no-man's-land of the initial stages of clairvoyance, into which thinking, meditation, and their exercises lead. It is a realm, pictured in nearly every legend and fairy-tale, where we have to choose between the beckonings of the enchantress Morgan-le-Fay, or the high adventure of the Holy Grail.

(To be continued)

Under the niche, the stone is literally worn as smooth as glass by the kisses of pilgrims, and here also they touch pious objects which they will take back as souvenirs to far-off friends.

At ten o'clock the *piscines*, or baths, are opened and the sick are bathed. There are three of these baths, one for men and two for women, each capable of accommodating three persons at a time. Clothes are removed, the praying patient is wrapped in a towel (the same towel used by his predecessors for the same purpose) and lowered into a narrow trough of icy mountain water. No conventional precautions are taken. Sweaty old men, convulsed babies, women at all times of their functional month—all patients, in all stages of disease are all immersed in the same shallow pool. Yet, no death from this exposure has ever been reported.

The water very soon becomes black and scummy, but it is never changed during the day. Chemical analyses invariably show the presence of countless myriads of inert bacilli, yet it is said that there has never been a case of infection resulting therefrom. This circumstance and the non-infection of the miscellaneous-diseased which are not segregated in the crude hospitals, have together been often termed "the enduring miracles of Lourdes."

During the afternoon the procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place. All pilgrims, healthy or sick, march or are carried from the Grotto to the outer Gate and back to the three-bordered *Place* in front of the church. Here radio loud-speakers magnify the chanting of the priests. In the evening, another procession winds through the grounds. Each pilgrim carries a torch or a candle, and sings his own version of the entire sixty verses of *Le Cantique de Bernadette* with its refrain of "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" also repeated sixty times.

(To be continued)

IRON MEETS GREEK—(continued from page 15)

known for all centuries, so he did the opposite to realise the same purpose, and he set fire to and burnt down the glorious temple of Ephesus. All the wisdom preserved so carefully when Iphigenia was saved and permission was given to destroy Troy, before intelligence and personality and selfishness could be born, was now burned for this completely and most selfish purpose, that this man might be known. He did it and in his way he was successful.

The keepers of the old tradition decided not to mention Herostrat's name, but every schoolboy knows his name, and in the same night that the temple of Ephesus was burned down, Alexander the Great, the greatest man in Greece, was born. A man who travelled for his own research with an army. What we see by looking to the Greek culture is how individuality was born, how personality was born, and how difficult it was to bring this new force into the service of all mankind, but this was done by Christianity, and when the Gospels were written in the Greek language it was fulfilled.

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Le Comte de Cagliostro—Son influence mystique

DANS un précédent article, nous avons esquissé, à grands traits, la vie de cet aventurier que fut le comte de Cagliostro et nous terminions en indiquant son influence sur le mouvement mystique qui débutait en cette fin du XVIII^e siècle. Nous allons, aujourd'hui, insister un peu sur ce point.

Chaque courant a son contre-courant. Le mouvement de scepticisme créé par les "philosophes" engendra, à la fin du XVIII^e siècle, un mouvement de mysticisme. Le scepticisme s'étant exercé contra le dogme chrétien, le nouveau mouvement mystique s'alimentait de superstition et de magie, mêlés de christianisme. Cela se comprend aisément : Le christianisme avait lutté contra la sorcellerie et les pratiques faisant appel à ces pouvoirs mystérieux que les anciens prêtaient à des divinités et que les chrétiens rapportèrent tous à Satan ; il était naturel que le coup porté par les philosophes sceptiques au dogme chrétien remit en faveur les croyances et les pratiques interdites.

Lorsque Cagliostro, quittant Strasbourg, arriva à Paris, en 1785, le temps se mettait au mysticisme. Déjà des sectes d'illuminés se multipliaient en France comme en Allemagne. On annonçait en chuchotant, par ci un nouveau miracle, par là un nouveau prophète.

Précédé de sa renommée de bienfaiteur, de guérisseur merveilleux, Cagliostro pouvait espérer trouver auprès de certains éléments de la société parisienne un accueil propice. Son initiation à la franc-maçonnerie, au cours d'un voyage qu'il avait fait à Londres, contribua puissamment à lui ouvrir les portes d'un monde qui lui eut été interdit en raison de ses origines obscures—En fait, l'accueil qui lui fut fait dépasse ce qu'on peut imaginer. Très rapidement il apparut comme un sur-homme, il devint un dieu. Il est rigoureusement exact de dire que ses partisans l'adoraient : on en voyait qui passaient des heures agenouillés à ses pieds, persuadés que le moindre contact avec lui suffirait à les sanctifier.

Que Cagliostro ait tenté d'en imposer aux gens trop crédules fascinés par sa faconde, on n'en saurait douter, et tout ce qu'on sait de lui le prouve surabondamment. On doit, en tout cas, lui dénier la moindre parcelle de sincérité. Que nombre d'illuminés aient cru, de bonne foi, qu'ils possédaient une vérité supérieure à celle que connaissaient les autres chrétiens, qu'ils étaient favorisés d'une inspiration particulière de la part de Dieu, cela est certain. Mais Cagliostro n'est point de ceux-là. Il fut avant tout un charlatan. Mais il a été charlatan à la manière des Fakirs qui utilisent de réels phénomènes occultes pour étonner la clientèle dont ils vivent. Naturellement, Cagliostro ne s'en tenait pas là et il avait "d'autres tours dans son sac" et d'autres ressources.

C'est ainsi que lorsqu'il voyageait en Espagne, sous le nom de docteur Tischio, il vivait en vendant une eau de beauté, en transformant le mercure en or, en fondant de petits diamants pour en confectionner de plus gros, en indiquant de bons numéros avec lesquels on était sûr de gagner à la loterie, mais aussi, et

surtout, en exploitant les charmes de sa femme plus réels que ses opérations alchimiques.

Ces moyens lui parurent trop grossiers pour duper la haute société dans laquelle il rêvait de se mouvoir. Prodigieusement intelligent, il saisit très vite l'élément mystérieux que la franc-maçonnerie pouvait ajouter à ses prestiges. Mais il ne lui suffit pas d'être initié. Il voulait une maçonnerie qui lui appartent en propre, qu'il pourrait diriger dans le sens exclusif de son charlatanisme. C'est alors qu'il fonda une prétendue "maçonnerie égyptienne" dont il se donna la direction suprême sous le titre de *grand cophite*.

Mélange curieux de cérémonies religieuses, de pratiques magiques, d'évocations spirites, cette maçonnerie avait pour but, au dire de Cagliostro, la *régénération physique* et la *régénération morale* des adeptes.

Pour parvenir à la régénération physique, qui assurerait à l'homme, comme à la femme, un état presque éternel de jeunesse et de santé, il fallait observer scrupuleusement les préceptes suivants : On se retirait à la campagne avec un ami sûr. On s'y soumettait pendant 17 jours à une diète rigoureuse. Le dix-

par le Docteur Jacques Métadier

septième et le trente-deuxième jour, on se faisait pratiquer une petite saignée. En outre, au trente-deuxième jour, on avalait six gouttes d'une mixture blanche, dose qu'on augmentait de deux gouttes par jour. Puis après trente et un jours on se mettait au lit et on avalait le premier grain de la *materia prima*, qui amenait une syncope de trois heures accompagnée de convulsions. Au trente-troisième jour, on prenait le second grain qui était suivi de fièvre, de délire, de la perte des cheveux, des dents et de la peau ! Au trente-sixième jour, on avalait le troisième grain et on était plongé dans un profond sommeil durant lequel repoussait tout ce qu'on avait perdu ! Au trente-neuvième jour, on prenait un bain et on versait dans un verre de vin dix gouttes de "baume du grand cophite." Après quoi, le quarantième jour advenu, on se trouvait en parfaite santé, rajeuni de cinquante ans. On pouvait recommencer cette expérience, avec un égal succès, tous les cinquante ans, mais seulement, jusqu'à ce qu'on eût atteint l'âge de 5557 ans !

Quant à la régénération morale, on l'obtenait par des moyens également tout matériels qui visaient à la conquête du *grand pentagone*, capable de restituer l'innocence perdue par le péché originel.

Dans ce but on devait construire une maison à trois étages sur une haute montagne, à laquelle on donnerait le nom de mont Sinaï. A l'étage intermédiaire, qu'on appellerait mont Ararat, s'enfermeraient treize anciens qui y passeraient quarante jours pour y consacrer 18 heures par jour à la prière, à la méditation et à la confection du *parchemin vierge*, pour lequel on emploierait soit la peau d'un agneau mort-né, soit le placenta d'un enfant juif ! Ceci une fois accompli, les treize anciens se trouveraient en communication avec les sept premiers anges créés ; et ceux-ci imprimeraient leur sceau sur un morceau de ce parchemin

vierge, qui se trouverait être alors le fameux *grand pentagone*. Les treize bienheureux deviendraient immédiatement maîtres et chefs du culte, purs et innocents, en possession d'une puissance et d'une sagesse sans limites, n'aspirant qu'au calme de l'immortalité.

Il serait trop long de conter les rapports qu'entretint Cagliostro, en tant que "grand cophte" avec les différentes loges maçonniques. Les Philalèthes, avec lesquels il fut longtemps en relation et qui comptaient dans leur rang des magistrats, des religieux, des hommes de lettres, des médecins, semblent avoir eu des doutes sur sa sincérité. Ce qu'il faut noter, c'est que son commerce avec des francs-maçons éminents, des initiés aux rites anciens, a permis à Cagliostro de s'initier lui-même à des secrets jalousement gardés par les sectes maçonniques. Sans doute est-ce là qu'il a puisé les connaissances qu'il a pu utiliser mieux que quiconque grâce, peut-être, à un don occulte particulier et aussi à son manque de scrupule.

Ainsi, le comte de Cagliostro restera toujours un personnage mystérieux. Il sera toujours impossible de savoir exactement la vérité sur son compte. Il semble difficile de croire que tant de gens sensés aient été ses trop simples dupes, et il semble raisonnable d'admettre qu'il a utilisé réellement des procédés occultes efficaces. Quels étaient-ils ? Il est impossible de le savoir pour la raison que Cagliostro les mélangeait à beaucoup de truquages et de paroles inutiles. On peut, cependant, admettre qu'il utilisa, peut-être inconsciemment (?), l'hypnotisme et certains phénomènes de transe.

En tous cas, son influence fut considérable. Il a fait pénétrer dans le public et, particulièrement dans la haute société française alors sceptique dans son ensemble, le mouvement mystique qui avait débuté dans des sectes fermées et secrètes. Le peuple français se prépara ainsi à une nouvelle mystique, à une nouvelle Foi qui trouva son expression dans le mouvement révolutionnaire. S'il est exact de dire que la Révolution française a été préparée par les philosophes sceptiques du XVIII^{ème} siècle, il n'en est pas moins vrai qu'elle ne s'est réalisée que grâce à un mouvement mystique. Seul, en effet, le mysticisme peut donner le dynamisme nécessaire à l'action. Ce mouvement s'est adapté curieusement au fond sceptique pour aboutir, dans sa forme achevée, au "culte de la Raison."

Le comte de Cagliostro, pur charlatan ou non, a donc influencé grandement l'évolution politico-morale de la France.

H. P. BLAVATSKY: A GREAT OCCULTIST

(continued from page 19)

actively operative to-day ? Or that the perversion of such occult and mystical truths as have already been given out, is not a phenomenon familiar to all earnest students ? Is it any wonder, then, that H. P. Blavatsky described her "Secret Doctrine" as "a work which gives out all that can be given out during this century" (the 19th) ? Equally, may we not share her hope that, faithful to the declared aims and ideals of the Movement initiated by her in the outer world, "the general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings" so that, when the time comes for the effort of the 20th century the minds of men will be prepared for the message of "the new torch-bearer of Truth" ?

The Month's Magazines

Rosicrucian Digest

(Obtainable from *Modern Mystic Office*, post-free 1s. 2d.)

The July Rosicrucian Digest came too late for mention in our last issue. Of great interest to our readers is the report of the discovery in Germany of the tomb of Christian Rosenkreutz. The July issue also carries a full-page picture which is a representation of the newly discovered site. There is also an article on "Telepathy To-day" by Dr. J. B. Rhine whose work is referred to in *Our Point of View*. Ralph M. Lewis continues his interesting account of his travels to places of mystical interest in Europe. The August *Digest* is of unusual interest and carries an editorial by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis extending the reference he made in London to Marshal Ney in the article which appeared in our June issue. *The Rising Tide of Colour*, an occult consideration of the racial question (always of importance in America), receives scholarly treatment by Marie Harlow. Dr. Lewis gives an account of his reception by, and impressions of, Il Duce, while Mr. Ralph Lewis gives an excellent description of his tour of the Valley of the Kings.

Baconiana

(The Bacon Society, Inc.), Canonbury Tower, London, N.1. (1s.)

From the layman's point of view, by far the most interesting contribution to the current issue will be "Was Francis Bacon Crowned King of England" by M. F. Bayley. An informative history of the Prince Henry Room in Fleet Street by the Secretary of the Society and our own contributor, Henry Seymour; *What Lady Dorset Knew* a posthumous article by Parker Woodward, *The Imperfect Miracle* by Dorothy Gomes da Silva, and other interesting features make up the issue.

The Aryan Path

17 Gt. Cumberland Place, London, W.1. (1s. 6d.)

This excellent monthly, published by the Theosophy Co. (India) Ltd. from Bombay, is by no means as well known to the lay public as it deserves to be. It is among the very best produced journals of any kind, whilst its literary standard is invariably high. The August issue is full of interest. The Editorial, "Spirits and 'Men of Destiny'" strikes a high note. Of immediate interest is an article by Count Carlo Sforza, one-time Italian Ambassador to Paris. It will be remembered by those who follow European politics that Count Sforza resigned his post in spite of Il Duce's request that he remain as Fascist Representative at the Elysée. *The Intellectual Degradation of Europe* is an outspoken indictment of dictatorships, and would be endorsed by every thinking individual who insists on a measure of freedom.

(continued in page 7)

Man—The Unknown

IV. BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT

MUCH has been said concerning the relationship between body and mind. But no one so far has had the courage to establish this relationship upon concrete facts. The body has been regarded as something far more material than it really is, and the soul—as Hæckel said—as a “mythological gaseous vertebrate” (*gas-formiges Wirbeltier*). Thus the only link between them would be the brain, through which this mythological animal is supposed to rule over the machinery of the body. (As a matter of fact all the foundations for this modern scientific superstition which seem so deeply rooted in our present-day conceptions have been gradually fading away, albeit the aftermath of nineteenth-century science is still hovering in the air.)

We have endeavoured to explain that there are really two “bodies”—one being the organism of Life, the other the sum total of mental manifestations,—but there is also the individuality, that which unites the two, and is what we really mean by *Man*. How are these three, the organism of life, mental manifestation, and individuality connected with the organs and functions of the body?

Let us first take the question of life. Have we any foundation upon which we could build an estimate of the vitality of living organisms? We have; it is the whole quantity of fluid in the body the percentage of which decreases with age. In the young child it is about 90 per cent; in the adult about 80 per cent., and in the old person it falls to about 70 per cent., whilst in the embryo it even exceeds 90 per cent. All life originated in water; the ocean contains incalculable numbers of living organisms. The so-called protoplasm, the living cell-substance, is a viscous fluid which, far from having a simple structure, includes all the complications and mysteries of life. One could call it the Living Water.

Every living body contains circulating fluid. In this fluid there are albuminous substances which definitely have an intimate connection with the specific quality of life inherent in the body. Water, specific albumen, life, and the circulation of fluids are really inseparable from one another. This of course, is acknowledged, but no one takes it seriously! A further striking proof of the deep connections of fluids with life is shown by the well-known experiments recently brought into prominence by the work of Carrel,—namely that an organ can be kept alive by certain fluids flowing through it. Organic fluid includes all chemical processes in itself; that substances do not act except in solution is an old alchemical saying even more true to-day: *corpora non eunt nisi solute*. “The intensity of chemical exchanges in the cell-communities or in the entire being expresses the intensity of organic life,” says Carrel.

We can therefore say that really *six* things are inseparable: water, albumen, life, growth, the totality of chemical processes in an organism, and the circulation; but the whole may be expressed in one sentence; *Life is based on Fluid*. Such a statement would not entirely be rejected by scientists. But what we shall proceed to say is a very different question.

If life is connected with water, with what material basis in the body is the *mind* related? We have already indicated in the second article of this series (*Modern Mystic*, for July, p. 31) that breathing is inseparably related to the life of the soul. The more the respiratory system is developed, the more the life of the soul becomes manifest. Fishes for instance which have only gills for extracting the air from the water, show none of the signs of a developed soul-life; they are “deaf” and “dumb” and apparently live in a comparatively dim state of consciousness. Or take the frog; it has lungs, smell, hearing, and voice,—an

almost incredible increase of sense-perception, and with that, of a soul-life. The limbs are also evolved and enable the creature to manifest in movement

the more active side of the inner life. Birds, whose lungs are so highly developed that they extend into the whole skeleton are the most acutely awake of all the animals. Real sleep is almost unknown to many of them. It is interesting, viewed in connection with our remarks on the growth of consciousness, that birds have skeletons very similar to those of old people. The air “dries out” the bones, and all their wakefulness is a transference of vitality into mental qualities.

As growth is obviously connected with Life and Water, so is consciousness connected with Air and Respiration.

All the inner organs of animals really form “holes” which are permeated with air, and in the case of the lungs this is of course very obvious. It is on these airy parts of the organism that mentality is based. Those who have some understanding of Yoga will immediately recognise how the life of the soul is connected with the rhythms of breathing. The ancient languages even have the same word to describe soul or spirit and air, as for example *animus*, wind, and *anima*, soul. An animal is really a breathing creature that develops a soul. In Greek the word *pneuma* is used for both air and spirit.

But the experiences of occultists and the conclusions of scientists are at present widely divided. The soul really is not so deeply incarnated in the body that it can reach as far as the solid or even the fluid substances, but it really does form a unit with the rhythms of the gaseous part of the human organism.

Consciousness is connected with air. But there is not only Life and Consciousness,



there is also the control of the mental and bodily functions through the individuality. What is really the hall-mark of individuality? If we are clear that by individuality we are not merely referring to the crude quality of egoism but to something higher, then we find that its intrinsic faculty is the maintenance of balance between polarities,—between sympathy and antipathy, joy and pain, foolhardiness and fear. These have to do with the soul. A self-controlled person balances his movements and maintains equilibrium in his posture; he similarly balances the mental and bodily functions.

Now there is one physiological system which seems to be much more finely adjusted in the human being than in the animals, and that is the regulation of temperature. Although we share with many of the warm-blooded higher animals a constant temperature, there is a great deal of difference where actual regulation of temperature is concerned. The bear, the marmot, and other hibernating animals have during their sleep a very low temperature, actually about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. A man would immediately die with such a low temperature, even if asleep. A rabbit, held in an upright position, will soon die from anæmia of the brain because its circulation cannot adapt itself to such an unaccustomed position. But the human being has no limits to his powers of adaptation. The temperature of a human being is not only constant, but there exists a whole system of exact regulation which does not allow of any changes without harm. One or two degrees of alteration have immediately a marked influence. For instance, the effect of fever is tremendous; it alters all the bodily functions on the one hand, and affects consciousness on the other. A low temperature, even if only one or two degrees below normal produces a noticeable difference in the health. Every organ too, has its own temperature, a fact not generally known. For instance, the liver always has "fever" while the brain temperature is always a low one. But the whole is balanced so as to reach the average specific temperature of each individual.

Each individual has not only his own temperature but maintains it by an individual state of equilibrium. Have you ever met two people who can agree about the temperature of a room or railway compartment? Some get cold feet easily, others a hot head or hands, and so on. Clothing is really an individual expression of reaction to the equilibrium of warmth.

In the feeling of shame, where individuality has been touched to the very core, blushing expresses a change in warmth. This is a thing which is confined entirely to man. It is a disturbance of the balance of the individual's spiritual essence. Another process which is peculiarly individual is that of thinking; real, concentrated thinking. In this, one really *feels* the activity of warmth similar to that produced by muscular exertion. Thinking is a spiritual activity, but it is deeply connected with the fact that we, as human beings, can withdraw a certain amount of energy,—which in the animals is consumed in bodily exertion alone,—to direct the concentration of thought. So we have two kinds of work; spiritual and bodily, and between them the individuality has to keep a balance. No one could be occupied in one to the complete exclusion of the other.

We see therefore, that there is a very close relationship between the individuality and the regulation of warmth and temperature in the body. There is an *organism of warmth* which has been studied of course by the biologists although they call it by another name. The fact that man suffers from so many colds and chills, and such things as rheumatism, shows that the

system of regulation of warmth *is* in existence, but can easily be disturbed. This system is allied to self-consciousness and self-control. It is one of the greatest paradoxes that warmth does not follow its natural tendency to flow towards that which is cooler. The tendency is always counter-balanced, and the human body remains like an island,—untouched by the general interplay of varieties of warmth.

Self-consciousness is different from mere consciousness. We stand on it as though on an island, surrounded by the waves of consciousness. But in the *body* this corresponds to the regulation of warmth, which is entirely individual. This leads us to the idea of the self-conscious Ego, which is the same thing as "individuality." It is not based on mere respiration, on air, but on the *independence* of our organism of warmth always held in balance. We have now reached a paradoxical truth:

Individuality and self-consciousness are connected with warmth.

Such things as self-consciousness belong to the philosophical domain and are considered as quite abstract. The study of the details of warmth-regulation may be found in some of the recent text-books on philosophy and expressed in language that is entirely incomprehensible. But the attempt to bring these two aspects together has never been made. Yet everything depends on bringing together the so-called material and spiritual objects. Our philosophers could learn a great deal if they knew where their Ego-principle is really rooted in the physical world, and our physicists and engineers would have a higher opinion of heat did they but realise that in the human organism it is the basis of individual thought and experience.

Of course, between the highly abstract Ego of the philosophers, and the bombardment of molecules by the modern physicists in the hope of discovering the origin of heat, there is a tremendous abyss which really forms the tragedy of science in this epoch. The body is regarded too materialistically, and the mind too abstractedly, the result of ignoring the Spirit.

The picture given by our present anatomy of the human body resembles an assembly of solid objects. Carrel says: "This science has constructed a scheme of the body which is purely structural, and quite unreal." Life, Soul, and individual Self-consciousness are bound to remain riddles in the face of such a structural scheme. That which is connected with fluids, gaseous substances and warmth forms quite definite organisms and has to be studied with the same exactitude as the solid anatomical body which, although a reality, is only one quarter of the whole reality. We find life so difficult to explain because we compare it with the dead, solid, structural abstraction of our anatomy. But life is connected with the liquid element, and all the latter's relations with chemistry, growth, circulation, and so on. The living entity of the human being is not incarnated in the solid physical body but in the liquid body or organism. The soul is not even incarnated in this, but in breathing and the "body of air," while the individuality which balances these two bodies—the living and the mental ones—is only incorporated in the element of warmth.

Here we have the nucleus of a new knowledge of Man, where the idea of *three supersensible bodies*,—always acknowledged by true occultism,—will find its exact confirmation in a further development of science. We shall then not only acknowledge a material body, but a three-fold being shining and manifesting itself through the physical.

(To be continued)

Lourdes—What and Why

A brief History of the Shrine of Lourdes; a present-day Panorama of the Town, the Park, the Hospitals, the Baths, the Grotto and the Processions, with an Impartial Mention of Criticisms and Defenses of All; a Consideration of the Miracles Themselves, with Statistics, Interesting Examples, and Criticisms and Defenses, together with Both the Exoteric and Esoteric Explanations of this Type of Miracle.

I

A SHRINE may be simply a place of worship consecrated to a sacred personage, or it may be a place where the power of such a personage is said to be manifested in what are still termed "miracles." Among such shrines, Lourdes is the most famous—more famous than Guadalupe in Mexico, than Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Canada, than Loreto in Italy, Czestochowa in Poland, Lisieux in France, Einsiedeln in Switzerland, or Fatima in Portugal. Catholicism has a national shrine in almost every land, but in Lourdes it has a shrine of international repute, and to this little town in south-western France with a permanent population of less than eight thousand souls travel nearly a million people each year.

To this international Mecca of the sick and the afflicted in body or in mind are not only brought thousands of individual sufferers of every country and every creed, but also travel organised pilgrimages from every corner of the earth. Beginning at the opening of the season in the middle of March, the hotel registers carry the unpronounceable names of central Europe and the Near East. June and July brings hordes of Italians, Spaniards, Belgians and Americans—the halt, the lame, the blind, and the merely inquisitive.

In the midsummer heat the faithful of England tramp the streets of the crowded little town, and then for five sweltering, dusty days in August the hotels and hospitals are jammed with the annual National French Pilgrimage—a hundred thousand of the devout, the largest delegation of all. The Irish follow, and then until the end of the season in mid-October fatherly missionaries shepherd silent, wondering companies of Chinese, Japanese, Malaysians and Siamese through the hilly, narrow streets to the universal goal—the Grotto of Notre-Dame de Lourdes.

In the year 1858 (A.D.), this little town at the foot of the French Pyrenees was a scrabbly huddle of stone houses below the crumbling remains of a once-important fortified castle. It was mediæval in its life, and its humble peasants were mediæval in their Roman Catholic religion. Life was not easy, and Soubirous the miller was in such circumstances that he was reduced to housing his family—his wife and seven small children—in one bare room.

His eldest daughter, Bernadette, was fourteen; a fragile girl, racked by gasping

spells of asthma. She could neither read nor write, but knew the Catechism and the words of a few prayers, and was familiar with the meaning of the few crudely coloured pictures in the family Bible. She said her beads in Pyrenean patois. A shy, diffident girl, she spent much of her time alone in the sheep pastures, and was so quiet and timid that the good villagers often remarked upon it.

About noon on February 11th, 1858, Bernadette was sent to look for firewood, and with her went her sister, Marie, and their little friend, Jeanne. The two younger children crossed the frozen river Gave, but Bernadette was frightened by the water and remained alone near the river bend beside a cave in the rock. Soon afterward, as she later explained, she suddenly heard a sound like the rush of a strong wind, and a light shone before her eyes. She was terrified, and asked: "Qu'étais-ce donc, Mon Dieu?"

A form appeared against the rock, high above her head. The wind died down in her ears (even at its height, the leaves and grasses had not trembled), and the light disappeared. But the form remained, and Bernadette later said it was a "lady" dressed in a white robe with a blue sash, carrying a rosary of

beads and a gold crucifix, and wearing a golden rose on each of her bare feet. Frightened, Bernadette called to her companions and questioned them. They had heard no wind, had seen nothing, and they laughed at her. Three days later the child returned to the grotto, and again said that she saw the figure.

Afterwards, on the day of the third apparition, some of the villagers accompanied her. They saw nothing, but Bernadette said that she again saw the "lady" and that the "lady" asked her to come to the grotto every day for fifteen days, and promised her happiness—"Not in this world, but in the next." During these fifteen days Bernadette said that the "lady" had not revealed her identity, but had countered questions with commands: "Pray for sinners!" "Penance! Penance! Penance!" "Go drink at the spring; wash yourself there, and eat of the grass beside it!" "Kiss the ground for sinners!" "Tell the priest to build a chapel here!"

Bernadette obeyed the commands. As there was no spring visible, she dug her nails into a dirt-filled cleft of the rock and a spring of water immediately appeared. The curé Peyramale laughed when Bernadette told him that the "lady" wished a chapel built; he wanted to know who the "lady" was. So Bernadette asked again, and reported that the "lady" had answered in the local patois: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

The curé Peyramale then suggested that the "lady" prove her statement with a miracle. The crowd is then said to have observed that Bernadette held her fingers in the flame of a wax taper for fifteen

(continued in page 30)





Lourdes • (La-Basilique)
(By courtesy of French Railways Ltd.)

LOURDES—WHAT AND WHY—(continued from page 28)

minutes without being burned. On July 16th Bernadette reported the appearance of the figure for the eighteenth and last time. The Virgin, she said, spoke kindly to her, smiled, and was gone.

Then began in the little village of Lourdes a period of confusion, jealousy, doubt, and fanaticism. Church officials questioned and examined Bernadette. She always told the same story. The Church doubted it. In vain the authorities forbade worship at the Grotto. Crowds broke down barriers in order to approach nearer to the spot. It was said that a dying child had been held in the icy waters of the spring for half an hour and was immediately restored to health; that a blind man had bathed his sightless eyes there and prayed, and regained his sight.

But an old woman of the village swore that Bernadette was a sorceress—that the toad's foot was in her eye. Shepherds said that the spring had always been there—that it was not in any manner miraculous. Other children began to see visions and to hear voices. Yet, the once sceptical Peyramale began to raise funds to build a chapel; Napoleon III granted to the people the freedom of worship at the Grotto.

Bernadette, bewildered by the confusion, was tortured alike by persecution and adoration. The curious came to stare. The devout came to touch the hem of her dress and to ask her blessing. She was offered all manner of gifts, but she firmly refused all offers of money. She had no intimate friends; she wanted only to be alone. She never voluntarily spoke of the apparitions, and reported no other visions. She knew no man, and was horrified by an offer of marriage from a wealthy nobleman.

Eight years later she left Lourdes and entered the convent of Saint-Gildard at Nevers, where she was known as Sister Marie-Bernard. There, while still a young woman, she developed tuberculosis of the bones and died on April 16th, 1879. The body was exposed for three days, and is said not to have stiffened. She was buried in the convent chapel, and, upon exhumation thirty years later, the body was found to be intact. To-day, in its glass coffin at Nevers, it is an object of worship. She was venerated by the Catholic Church in 1913, beatified in 1925, and canonised on December 8th, 1933.

There were thousands of those who disbelieved both the story of the apparitions and of the miracles, but soon other thousands began to attest their belief. While Bernadette yet lived, the Mother Church at Rome officially recognised the shrine at Lourdes. A beautiful statue of the Virgin, cut from Carrara marble by Fabisch of Lyons, was installed in the Grotto at the spot upon which Bernadette's eyes had been fixed.

A church was built, and then another church on top of it. As the flood of sick and afflicted pilgrims increased, hospitals were constructed and two volunteer organisations, l'Hospitalité de Notre-Dame de Lourdes, and l'Hospitalité de Notre-Dame de Salut were formed to care for them there. The river was pushed back and an esplanade built in front of the Grotto. The water from the spring was trapped and piped into a trio of *piscines*, or baths.

Literally millions of the meek, the miserable and the lowly have taken this long day's journey across France from Paris to Lourdes, yet among that dismal number have been figures to whom the attitude of humility was not so natural—Edward VII of England, Oscar II of Sweden, Isabella II of Spain, and hundreds of others of noble birth or title; rulers of commerce and

finance as well as rulers of men have humbly knelt before the figure in the Grotto.

But the controversy which began more than three-quarters of a century ago with the report of the first vision still rages. Sceptics have termed the entire story of little Bernadette Soubirous a record of the hallucinations of an ignorant neurasthenic; atheists have branded the affair an invention of the Catholic Church to insure the acceptance of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which just four years previous (1854) had been made an Article of faith in that religion.

Psychologists have found in it a recognised form of suppression—the sex dreams of a deficient mind in a frustrated body. The recognition of the visions, they say, gave the child importance in her own eyes and in the eyes of the world. There was nothing in the visions, they further argue, that could not have come from the depths of the child's own distorted imagination. The Virgin appeared as a figure with which she was already entirely familiar through the pictures in the family Bible to which she had access, and the words spoken by the Virgin were in Pyrenean patois.

The Mother Church at Rome has adopted no publicly official attitude towards the miraculous reports from Lourdes. It does, however, recognise the possibility and the existence of miracles as such, and has "commended" the occurrences there as "manifestations" of the Virgin's power.

We are not here concerned with any of these particular aspects of the matter, but will in due course offer an esoteric explanation of the seemingly miraculous events which undoubtedly do occur there at rather frequent intervals. What, outwardly, happens at Lourdes? There are conflicting reports concerning certain things. Lourdes itself and the things usually seen there have been called mediæval, depressing, unhygienic; they have been called inspiring, impressive, mysterious. In a sense, these are all true. Just what does happen at Lourdes?

II

To-day, the first glimpse of the town of Lourdes is indeed disappointing and depressing. Its unsightly, dingy buildings straggle down to the Park, and, further along, uninviting hotels elbow cheap souvenir shops. The streets are all up-hill and narrow; streets where the shepherds still drive their flocks, where the patient oxen still draw their heavy loads, where chickens and geese and dogs and cats scamper from under the feet of pedestrians and from before the wheels of motors; where street cars on a narrow track wend their jerky, clanging way—streets where the pilgrims walk, stopping to gaze into shops glittering with glass rosaries and tin medals—shops bright with crude, brilliantly-painted statuettes and the thousand and one things designated as *Souvenirs*.

From the Avenue de la Gare to the Boulevard de la Grotte is a series of disappointments to anyone seeing Lourdes for the first time and imagining that the place of the visions would be a calm, serene oasis of devotion. For Lourdes itself is nothing but hotels and blatant shops, all spelling Commercialism with a large and emphatic capital C. But the town of Lourdes is not the Grotto of Lourdes.

About twenty minutes from the Avenue de la Gare is the Grotto. A little bridge across the Gave is passed over, and yet once more one finds one's self in the midst of a swarming, driving populace. More shop windows gleam, but there is a

finer display here—gold and silver rosaries studded with exquisite jewels; pictures of Bernadette. There is still the jargon of many tongues, the clang of the street cars, and the honk of motors, all intermingling on this street which crosses immediately over to the Park of the Grotto.

The special trains, each bearing hundreds of pilgrims, begin arriving at four in the morning. Healthy visitors and others able to care for themselves go to the hotels, while the helpless are carried in motor buses to the hospitals, where they are segregated by sex but not by disease. No contagious cases, such as measles, scarlet fever, etc., come to Lourdes, but the possibilities of infection are limitless.

Into the same dormitories and the same rooms, bed close beside bed and where all windows are tightly closed in the Gallic fashion, go paralytics, consumptives, lepers, syphilitics. Patients with wasted bodies and crooked spines and sightless eyes lie next to and almost touching patients with pus-running abscesses, gangrenous wounds, yellow-crusts sores, cancerous skins. Yet, the local doctors say that no infection of any nature has ever spread there.

At seven a.m. the trek to the Grotto begins. Each *malade* is assigned one or more *brancardier*, or stretcher-bearer, with a bath chair or a stretcher on wheels, as the nature of the case may require. From the Boulevard de la Grotte they pass through the swirling traffic of street cars, motors and pedestrians and over the river Gave. It is a brilliant, motley crowd of literally thousands—the devout, the curious, the halt, the lame and the blind, all bound for the same goal.

There are those who walk alone, with questing eyes and grinning lips; there are priests, garbed in white with red Turkish fezzes on their heads, and other priests with pilgrimages following them. There are nuns, in religious habits of every description. There are Normans, Bretons, Hollanders, Belgians, and Americans. There are beggars in rags and tatters, and women dressed in the latest Parisian creations. A negress in a bright red bandana headdress stands out from the crowd.

Almost everyone carries or wears a cup of some description within which to catch some of the holy water—cups of rusty tin, and golden cups in ornate leather cases. Everyone in the procession seems to be praying aloud . . . praying . . . praying . . . praying.

Out of the noisy traffic, through the Gate and into the Park, one immediately senses a different atmosphere. Here is really the Lourdes to which so many thousands of sufferers have travelled so many hundreds of pain-wracked miles. Here are peaceful groups of marble statuary. The inside of the Gate is guarded by two lifesize figures of the archangels Raphael and Gabriel. A few paces farther along is the great patron of France, St. Michael, trampling on the Dragon. At the left is a group of statuary symbolical of human Suffering, with a figure of the Virgin offering Hope with outstretched arms.

Passing along the grassy path one reaches the monumental Breton Calvary, the gift to Lourdes from the chief dioceses of Brittany: Vannes, Rennes, St. Briec and Quimper. Next, towards the left, is the Victory Monument and chapel, dedicated to the memory of the French and Allied soldiers who died in the World War. On the extreme right, near the river, is a large building, the Asile of Notre-Dame de Lourdes, where the majority of the well pilgrims stay during the day, between visits to the Grotto, the baths, and the processions. Here also are two

small dormitories for the members of the *Hospitalité*, the volunteer women's organisation. Directly along the centre path is the kneeling figure of the saintly Curé d'Ars, and soon after, the Park opens out on to the Esplanade and the Grotto itself.

The crowd surges on, crosses the Esplanade in front of the three-church basilica and under an archway to the right of the church, where one reads, in several languages, the large sign, "BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS." The *piscines* are directly under the church, and before them one sees a curious crowd of many hundreds waiting—for miracles. Through the Archway one reaches a smaller Esplanade and the Grotto itself.

Here there are even denser crowds of people, and one becomes even more conscious of that peculiar, prayerful Force in the murmuring air in the midst of this gathering of all nations and all creeds. Many are kneeling, rosary in hand, telling their beads, as their outstretched arms form the Cross of penitence and prayer. Some, as they approach the Grotto, kneel and kiss the ground. Here, the people are praying not only with their lips but their whole being—the very air is surcharged with Prayer. Before the Grotto the pilgrims halt for hours; praying, saying their beads and fixing their eyes on the marble Lady of Lourdes for such long intervals that it is no wonder that to many of these the statue seems to smile or nod its head.

The cave in the great rock, the Grotto, with the niche holding the statue of the Virgin—Notre-Dame de Lourdes—is accepted as the veritable place of the apparitions of Bernadette Soubirous a little more than three-quarters of a century ago, unchanged except for the rose-tree in place of the original eglantine.

Scores of crutches, canes and surgical appliances of every nature, left by the cured as symbols of their former infirmities, ornament the ceiling and parts of the lower Grotto. Some are on special stands. Literally thousands of plaques line the interior of the basilica—visible thanks to the Virgin for services rendered. They range in size and importance from an elaborately executed fresco of a railway collision with the Virgin appearing in the smoke to safeguard the passengers, to a tiny gilt slab giving thanks for the successful passing of an examination.

In a small, rocky ledge is an improvised "Post Office," where there are deposited thousands of letters and requests to the Virgin, and, lighting up the dark, rocky cavern are the thousands of candles whose flames never die out, for the candles offered to be burned here are one of the particular rites of the Grotto and are kept lighted and replenished constantly in remembrance of the time the Virgin instructed Bernadette to come there bearing a lighted candle.

There are three unequal openings in the rock itself, almost superimposed, and communicating with one another. The miraculous spring is in the rear of the lower on the left as one enters the Grotto. Above, at the right, is the oval niche, two metres in height, in which the Virgin was said to have appeared eighteen times. The statue there represents her in the sixteenth of these, saying, "I am the Immaculate Conception," and these words appear on a golden halo about her head.

The statue is indeed beautiful and impressive, with the gleaming white robe, the blue sash, the golden roses on the feet, the glittering rosary of fifteen decades hanging from her right arm, and her hands clasped in prayer across her breast. It stands out in vivid contrast to the blackened rock upon which it rests.

(continued in page 23)

Abbey Lands —Continued from the August issue

ISABELLA, his only daughter, was a lass of thirteen. The estate was devised to her by her father in strict settlement. This is the girl who at the age of seventeen married John Christian, her first-cousin, who then took the surname and arms of Curwen by virtue of the King's sign-manual.

Before we allow this superman to take the stage, there are one or two little side-dishes of rancorous enjoyment at the Hoodoo's banquet to be recorded.

(a) One fine morning the Squire of Workington wakes up to find himself, not famous like Byron overnight, but with his revenue diminished by more than £5,000 a year. During the night the sea had broken through into the Curwen mines, which ran a long way out from the shore. Scores of unhappy miners had been drowned and the submarine coalfield ruined for ever.

(b) During the eighteenth century a duty as exceptional as it was inevitable and distressing devolved on the Squire of Workington. One of the duties of a shire reeve in England is to provide for the execution of criminals who have been sentenced to death. In the almost unimaginable case of his being unable to hire a Jack Ketch for the job he is expected to scrag the criminal himself. What they call "justice" has to be done. This is the ghastly duty that the Curwen of the day was called on to perform. The whole county was so convinced of the innocence of some wretched woman who had been sentenced that no hangman could be hired for her killing, and the horrible task fell to the lot of the direct descendant of Gospatric, Earl of Northumbria in the eleventh century. It drove him to permanent melancholia and a premature death.

(c) When a Curwen young lady having dressed for her coming-out ball is just about to leave her chamber in Workington Hall, she sees under her bed a strange black cat and reaches out with bare arm to remove the intruder. With claws and teeth it resists the interference. It is a cat infected with rabies. This is in the days long before the discovery of the prophylactic serum. The unfortunate and beautiful girl is seized by the dread malady and . . . In those days the blundering faculty had no other cure for rabies than—well, how did Othello quiet Desdemona? I may add here that as a boy I, who am writing this, was at an inn in Saxony where a few years previously, but well in my life-time, an old scullery woman who had been bitten by a mad dog was put out of her misery in just this way: suffocated with the pillow. I was shown the gloomy attic and the bed where the killing had been done; and while the horrid scene re-enacted itself before my inward eye, my thoughts went back to that dread thing so often described to me by my mother, speaking of her kinswoman's evil fate. So it came to pass that when in 1895, I, for what I knew to be the last time, shook the

cold and paralytic hand of Louis Pasteur not long before his death, these two sombre spectacles rose up before my mental vision—the radiant débutante in the castle-room and the grey haired drudge in the taphouse garret—and it was a real joy to know that by the limp and almost lifeless hand of the great surgeon these horrors were things of the shuddering past.

And now back to John Christian Curwen.

Who's that? What did he do? John Christian Curwen? What about him? Christian? Any relation of Fletcher Christian of the *Bounty*? Yes, of the same family, and thus all who descend from him are related to the half-caste descendants of the mutineers and their South Sea island paramours. Three family names of the mutineers survive on Pitcairn, and Christian is one. These Christians still look to Workington as the present home of their race and towards the end of last century one half-caste Christian came all the way to Liverpool to visit the Hall, then held by John Christian's grandson, where he hoped to see portraits of his ancestors. The squire at the time was abroad in his winter residence at Pau, but bade him await his return that he might do the honours. But long before he came back from his winter pleasaunce, the Polynesian had fled in horror back to his remote

island "from the spectacle of such sinfulness as he had never conceived possible": drunken women staggering

about the streets of the city on the Mersey. . . . Fled back to describe to his horrified kinsmen the terrible surroundings amidst which the head of the House of Christian, of which they had all been so proud, was living.

One sees Master Hoodoo at work here, as also in the way this same grandson threw away a fortune when on his father's death he took down from over the mantel of the big drawing-room in Workington the famous picture of Lady Hamilton at the Spinning-Wheel and hurried up to London with it, to hawk it round on the top of a fourwheel cab to the picture dealers, till he disposed of it for £600, returning home a-chuckle and rubbing his hands, when he remembered what his grandfather, John Christian, had paid for it as set forth in the receipt which is still in the archives of Workington, to wit:

"December, 1789. Recd. of Mr. Curwen for the picture of the Spinstress, £150; George Romney."

When about 100 years later inquiry was made about this picture by a great-grandson who remembered his boyhood enthusiasm, he heard that the last time it had changed hands fifteen thousand guineas had gladly been paid for it. It now belongs to the nation and is at Kenwood House. The Hoodooism here is that there was no need whatever at Workington for the £600. The excuse made was that there were death-duties to pay. John Christian's artistic flair was flouted and a fortune thrown away.



But it is only as the connoisseur and the patron of the once obscure Kendal artist that our superman ought not to have been as totally forgotten as he is to-day.

When he was an old man reviewing his magnificent political career, which extended over thirty years, as the mere borough member for the "merrie city" of Carlisle and afterwards, on the death of George III, as one of the county members for Cumberland, he said: "Yes, I think I did two good things in my time. I made them take the tax off sheep-dogs and, wait—yes, off salt."

It reminds one of the quip against Lord Beaconsfield that all he had done for his country was to put a 1d. stamp on cheques and encumber Britain with another island in the Mediterranean (Cyprus).

John Christian was a Whig, a Liberal ("where is that party now?"), a true lover of the people. It was written of him that he "stood amongst the most eminent of that distinguished band of reformers, the 'Old Minority'"—so high indeed as to be reckoned one of the chief lieutenants to those great Parliamentary leaders, Fox and Sheridan. Before Burke died in 1797 he had even won the appreciation of the great anti-Jacobin. "Nor," writes Doctor Lonsdale in his *Worthies of Cumberland*, "was his bearing a whit behind his compeers: the halo of ancestry had a responsive halo in himself. His tall figure and vigorous step, his high resolve and energetic address, his straightforward purpose, combined with suavity of manner and high courtesy, were well calculated to impress a House representing some of the best blood of England."

He was one of those public-spirited men who really tried to make the world safe for democracy. He loved the people and when in November, 1795, the reactionary Pitt tried to rush a bill through the House to prevent what he described as "seditious meetings," the would-be dictator found Curwen in his way to remind him and the House that the "direct and visible aim" of the proposed law was "to strip the citizen of his most valuable privilege—that of speaking his mind." In moving and securing the postponement of the tyrannical measure this "uncompromising defender of public rights" made a speech, as a historian of the day writes, "memorable both in argument, rhetoric and force."

In 1809 he carried through the House the Reform Bill which stands in the Statute Book as 49 George III, c. 118.

His lovely helpmeet died in 1820, cut short at 56; he raised no monument to her memory. Her Taj Mahal was in his heart and in carrying out the work on behalf of humanity in which she had joined with such enthusiasm. He gave way to no distress and five years later, when within three years of his death and 69 years of age, it was he who in 1825 moved the third reading of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill.

He transferred his vows in 1820 from Miss Carlisle to Mrs. Cumberland, as his wife put it, when he was triumphantly elected for both borough and county. Carlisle wanted its industrial interests attended to; Cumberland welcomed the ardent agriculturalist that he was. He was styled "The father of Agriculture." He introduced to the North the Lothian plough, the Suffolk horse, Essex wheat. He showed farmers that when oats were scarce, carrots could be used for feeding horses; and that bones ground in a mill made a splendid fertilizer. He imported merino sheep and founded a herd of Shorthorns. He showed farmers how to

feed their cows—a question which seems still to perplex them—during the winter. He had a great belief in forestry. Between 1795 and 1800, on his lands round Lake Windermere, he planted 5,000 bushels of acorns and 50,000 young oaks, and in the next two years he further planted 814,956 trees.

In those days Workington was a jocund town—a roaring place of jolly sailor boys and prosperous miners. Money flowed like water. Here it was recorded that a five-pound note was put between two pieces of bread by a triumphant "coalie" and eaten as a sandwich, to show the importance he attached to money that came so easily. But now there is desolation over all the town. It is perhaps the darkest spot in that depressed region known as West Cumberland. There is no Curwen now in the Hall on the hill, for the long line that came down in male descent from Uchtred by Elgyfa, sister of Edmund Ironside, without interruption, till John Christian's bride was its last representative—but by him was thought to have been revived and brought back to even greater glory of achievement—lies unknown under the unforgiving interdict and span. At least so it must appear to one who studies the history of this house since the blithe wedding day in Edinburgh in 1782. She is beautiful, she is a great heiress, yet she is blue amongst the blues (the Liberal colour in Cumberland) and ardent in the cause of progress and reform. When, a century before the suffragettes, she was described as a woman who would make a splendid blue M.P., she wrote: "I think it might do very well, were it not for the trifling incumbrance of my petticoats. I could cover my own expenses by the sale of my diamonds, and that they should go in support of the good old cause is my hearty wish. . . . My feelings, or my wickedness, prances like a warhorse at sound of trumpet and the very idea of having a brush with our opponents (the Lowthers) for the county in particular." This was in 1817; in 1820 she died suddenly, only a few days after she had written a letter full of joy and life and pride in her husband's political triumphs.

The ban was upon the House of Curwen. The spoliated Abbey had called down anathema upon it. The one solitary woman to whom it had dwindled down had not within her the strength from which vigorous new growths sprout forth. Supernatural maleficence seemed to intervene, and before her life was ruthlessly cut short agony upon agony had torn her mother-breast, as some of the lights of life which her maternity had kindled flickered briefly and went out. The allotted span was denied to many of her descendants. But apart from this the Afrite has used other agents for his grisly requital. Of the last generation but one, the eldest son was carried off at the age of 27 and lies buried in the British cemetery at Haidar Pasha on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The eldest son of his younger brother, who succeeded to the House and to its Ban, was killed in a motor-accident at the age of 21 at Oxford. The second son did not succeed and there is now no Curwen where the Curwens have reigned for over 750 years.

The very name of the superman who came into the family in 1782 is forgotten, and even the place where he lies by the side of Isabella bears no record of their names. This was the wish of both of them. His last thought may have been, remembering his life-long fight and hers for religious and civil liberty for one and all, and decent comfort and security for the toilers on sea and land

(continued in page 41)

Music

"Music in the highest sense stands less in need of novelty. On the contrary, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater the effect which it produces upon us."—GOETHE.

"The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces."—ANATOLE FRANCE.

THE reason why the vast majority of people know little about good music is because they are afraid of it, but perhaps more afraid of the folk who know a little about it and have a habit of making the rest of us feel very small beer. And then again, professional writers on the art have done their share in alienating the interest of the layman. Not only the act of making music, but the actual appreciation of it, are looked upon as specialised subjects, whilst writing upon music is the exclusive domain of the musicologists. All specialists are more or less men of unbalanced prejudices, for their pet subject intrudes into every other activity, colouring and distorting it. The layman who knows little or nothing of the work of the masters need not feel that the labour involved in finding out about it includes the reading of massive tomes of criticism and analyses. No word that has been written or spoken has ever added to or detracted from the net value of an artistic creation. Nothing stands between Beethoven and the Durham miner or the Whitechapel tailor save his own unwillingness to share with the composer those emotions which he succeeded in capturing for all time.

Hitherto, the uninitiated have probably heard and read a lot about the "mind" or the psychology of the composer; "nationalism," "musical appreciation," the obvious modern idolatry of Richard Wagner, the overtures made to jazz by certain otherwise serious musicians, and so on. There is small wonder that on attempting to find some grains of real meaning among the nonsense with which these subjects are treated, the layman has simply drawn up his ladder and turned on the weather report.

Writers on music can be divided roughly into three classes. The hard-worked and quite genuine critic; those who, satiated with a life-time of listening to music which never made any real appeal to them anyhow, and who devote a couple of columns in various newspapers to wild speculations on the "minds" of composers, and a few who, motivated by a deep scholarship, freely disclose their own individual response to the masters. By a sort of freemasonry the second class have adopted the title of "musicologists," a word not yet in the dictionary; no one understands its real meaning, not even its professors. The word strictly speaking *has* no meaning. It was adopted by men who at last became ashamed of themselves as critics, and, no longer able to keep up the farce of commenting on works which they could not understand, took refuge in a brand-new science. Amongst critics who are content, and even proud to be critics, there are many cultured and scholarly men. They are content honestly to praise and condemn according to certain accepted tenets of their craft, and, *en passant*, impart to technicians much valuable and

sound advice. The best of them are little short of creative artists themselves. But the layman should proceed very cautiously when he approaches the musicologist, whose alleged "science" is based upon psychology and psycho-analysis. As the latter is by no means a science itself, it is extremely difficult to understand how a further "science" can be based upon it. The professed end the musicologists have in view is to give their "students" a clearer understanding of music by their disclosures of the "workings" of the composers' minds. A patent absurdity. In view of the incontrovertible fact that they do not, and cannot, understand the workings of their own minds, the hope of discovering those of minds much greater than theirs, and long since dead, seems, and is, utterly futile. Aristotle has much to answer for. When he forsook the noble example of Plato and turned his back upon the general in favour of the particular, he inaugurated a cult of grubbing among incidentals which for ages has blinded us to the totality of beauty. He and his successors have insisted upon the supremacy of the intellect, almost ignoring emotion and intuition, certainly by far the greatest elements in the creation and appreciation of music, or indeed of anything else. Science can never be successfully applied to art any more than it can to forms of

organised religion. Science is a thing of the intellect, and the intellect fiddles with our emotions to our disadvantage. We have now the authority of Professor McMurray for relegating the intel-

lect to a place secondary to the emotions, of which it is the handmaiden and not the master. Emotion, he tells us, is essentially reasonable, whilst our meddling intellects (by which the musicologists set such store) misshapes the beauteous form of things. The sheer impossibility of the "normal" mind (and let us remember that it is precisely on its "normality" that the musicologist values his mind) assessing and analysing another as far above it as Alcyon seems never to occur to our pundits. Egoism can no further go. To them there is nothing wrong in the attempt to assess Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz and Bruckner with a mind prejudiced beyond all hope of normality in favour of Richard Wagner.

It may be natural for the musicologists to rave over Wagner in an age such as this. He was its John the Baptist. He carried in his being and diffused throughout his music all those ideas and innovations which in a mechanical cycle of human activity make him the Nazi hero—that same Wagner who held such democratic opinions when they served his purpose. Those who like Wagner's music do so, and that is all there is about it. Driven to explain the prejudice they would invariably base it on intellect. He certainly had a giant brain. He did what no other composer before or since has been able to do. He co-ordinated a number of art-forms in a way that compels admiration. But his music, *qua music*, despite all that the pundits may say to the contrary, fails by the amount of attention he bestowed on the other forms. The literature called forth by his life and work is immense. It is a constant source of wonder that at this late hour he still needs to be defended, though from what, I do not profess to know. For

by the Editor

he was, is, and always will be outside the realms of absolute music. He was a highly gifted theatrical. The function of the theatre is to amuse, and maybe to instruct. The function of music is to illumine. It is the mystic art. And in Wagner there is no trace of the great spiritual enlightenment such as that which seized Beethoven and left behind it the last quartets. Many scientists are very musical, but none among them shares the musicologists' enthusiasm for Wagner; a strange fact. Listen to Aldous Huxley writing in his capacity of music critic to the weekly *Westminster Gazette*: "Wagner is not so satisfying as Bach . . ." he is only of importance to "people incapable of understanding the highest, the transcendent works of art, such as the Beethoven Mass or the Sonata, Op. III." J. W. N. Sullivan, a scientist of cultured musical tastes, nowhere mentions Wagner with appreciation. He, too, in Beethoven and Bach finds his greatest musical satisfaction. Time, Cardinal Mazarin's "honourable man," has failed to justify Wagner, otherwise controversy would have been long since dead. He is and always has been excellent "copy" for writers on music. He was such a bundle of arrogance and conceit, and so thoroughly undesirable as a man that his notoriety, as distinct from his art, has sufficed to keep him alive.

The plea that there is no norm by which to judge the relative merits of composers is of course a fact. Yet the obvious prejudice in favour of Wagner belies the assertion. If we require proof that the norm of modern musical criticism is the music of Richard Wagner, almost any article of Mr. Newman's written during the past fifteen years will supply it. An article in the *Sunday Times* for April 30th, 1933 (Brahms Centenary year), purports to show why Brahms is not a composer of the first rank:

"Wagner laid it down that each successive work of a composer ought to take us into a new world, because it is the product of a new set of spiritual experiences that he has lived through . . . a new control of craftsmanship acquired through some alchemy in the unconscious depths of his being. The very greatest men in music have all exhibited this growth: that it is absent in the case of Brahms can only be regarded as a fundamental defect in his."

"Wagner laid it down!" Further, Mr. Newman has, time and time again, pooh-poohed any suggestion that philosophy or metaphysics can be allowed to participate in musical discussion—which deprives him of any right to quote the irrepressible Richard when he wanders into such debatable fields. Wagner's word carries neither weight nor authority when he side-tracks into the "alchemy of the subconscious." In all probability he was confusing "spiritual experience" with sensual experience, by no means the same thing.

Again: "To begin with, there must be something lacking in the artist who remains, all his life through, so fundamentally the same as Brahms does." That a man should be born mature and balanced and remain so throughout a lifetime, preserving from first to last a personal and artistic integrity, is something that Mr. Newman evidently cannot understand. Yet it appears to me it is this very quality which has proclaimed the really great genius in every age. But perhaps the most amusing thing about Mr. Newman's criticism of Brahms is his supposition that a great superiority over Brahms would have been apparent had Wagner written his projected symphony. Even Mr. Newman has no right to assume that Wagner *could* have written a symphony. It

is more than probable that the confines of three or four movements would fail to hold all that the locquacious little wind-bag would have wished to cram into them. Besides, Wagner's well-known dislike of Brahms provided all the necessary urge to write a symphony. As he did not do it, he could not. The layman then may take it that Wagner is the demi-god from whose standards there is no appeal. *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, and *Götterdämmerung* are the norms by which composers are judged, whether their works are operas, symphonies, songs, or fanfares for tin trumpets.

The music of Wagner tells us nothing that cannot be said in any other art-form, whereas great music is of necessity independent of all other forms. It opens up not one other world, but many other worlds, and presents us with experiences the key to which cannot be found in the intellect. That is why music criticism, when it oversteps its true function of technical appraisal, is often merely absurd. The complete isolation of the art and its references to purely mystical emotions which have no correspondence to the emotions we call physical, label as disingenuous the humorously pontifical utterances of the self-styled musicologists. The professional critic has a tiresome habit of pronouncing as "cerebral" the writings on music of those outside his own circle. Nothing he could say more clearly indicates his inability to appreciate the finer, the ultimate experiences of the art, for the emotional nature of great music is most certainly extra-physical. True, that part of Wagner's music which is emotional is physically so and therefore "cerebral." Yet, as we have seen, Wagner-idolatry is almost the sole prerogative of the musicologists and the so-called intellectuals. The emotional nature of Wagner's music is the defect which (in the minds of those who are not prepared to swallow whole the fanciful theories of the "experts") will never admit him to a place in the front rank.

When the musicologists are not finding excuses for snatching their hero from an artistic demise, they are engaged in sounding the depths of the minds of other masters of music. It has been pointed out that certain musical phrases, known to the psychomusicologists as "finger-prints," occur in the works, for example, of Beethoven. From this it is deduced that when the composer penned the phrase he was always in the same frame of mind! A quaint conceit. To the most casual observer it should be apparent that it is impossible to be in a given state of mind more than once. The man who might, or might not, be giving himself away every time he uses the word "colossal" is not in the same state of mind on each occasion. The very attempt to reduce a work of art to intellectual digits bespeaks an inaptitude to understand something which sprang from, and may only be related to, the emotions. A science of music based on psycho-analysis is a waste of time; an illusion. *We need an ethic based on emotion and intuition.*

There have been many ingenious attempts on the part of serious musicians to reconcile music to jazz, just as there have always been those who by placing the hand of science in that of religion hoped to reconcile the intellect to the spirit. All such attempts must fail. They must fail, too, in music.

Mr. Constant Lambert, one of the keenest contemporary musical thinkers, groping hard to find some justification for the dirt of Harlem, tried to parallel the work of Duke Ellington, a negro, to that of Sir Edward Elgar. He wrote:

"The highbrow composer of to-day does not cope with contemporary life on easy terms in the fashion of

Elgar; he deliberately escapes from it into cold abstraction or nostalgic day-dreaming. To find music that stands towards post-war life in the way that Elgar's 'Cockaigne' stood towards Edwardian life we have to go to the much despised jazz conductor . . . Duke Ellington in his 'Mood Indigo,' 'Hot and Bothered,' 'Rude Interlude,' 'Creole Rhapsody' and other pieces has given us the post-war equivalent of Elgar's 'Cockaigne' . . . we can say quite reasonably that we prefer Ellington to Ravel because he displays just as much harmonic and orchestral sophistication. . . . Some people say that music, being a 'pure' art, has no need to reflect contemporary life. This on the whole is nonsense. A very small proportion of the best music lives in a spiritual world of its own. The greater part of music reflects the spirit and colour of its time as much as any painting or novel. . . ."

Novelists often are taken to task by musicians because of their musical *faux pas*, real or alleged. Yet it is a curious thing that when a musician wishes to draw an analogy between music and literature (as does Mr. Lambert) he invariably confines himself to the novel. Music of the highest kind should only be paralleled with literature of the highest kind, and we may not agree that the novel is the highest form of literature.

It should be obvious that music is under no obligation to reflect contemporary life, and equally obvious that the best music does indeed live in a spiritual world of its own. It is not the fault of the music if some moderns fail to enter that world. If we accept the analogy of the novel it is clear that the best novels, with or without contemporary approval, and almost willy-nilly, have persisted. The same applies to any art-form. The novels approved in their day doubtless reflected its spirit, but they died with the day. Genius is that which makes a work of art reflect all men every day.

The introduction to the "Kingdom," the two symphonies and the Enigma Variations are in no danger of being challenged by the descendants of coal-black mummies, either physically or spiritually. That Ellington and others of the fraternity are "despised" is something I did not know. I had the impression that they marry into "Society," run Rolls Royce cars, have a huge fan mail, and generally comport themselves in the way that other captains of industry are wont to do.

Just as M. Ravel's musical limitations are clearly set out by himself in his enthusiasm for machinery, so too are Mr. Ellington's in his admirable titles. "Hot and Bothered" is apt. Aldous Huxley has somewhere said: "The modern jazz composer is in a position to express (and with what an appalling technical efficiency) every shade of all the baser emotions, from a baboon-like lust to a nauseating self-commiseration, from the mindless mass hysteria of howling mobs to a languishing masturbatory *Träumerei*." Perhaps the soundest criticism of jazz ever made.

All the same, I think we could agree with Mr. Lambert in his preference for Ellington over Ravel, for whereas the former can only lay claim to representing himself to be no other than he is, and may safely be left at his own valuation by those who don't like his music, the latter's claim to serious recognition must carefully be examined because of his writings on his art. From these we are to infer that nature has dried up, and has nothing more to offer the creative artist in the way of inspiration. Ravel

thinks that the symphonies of the future will be built up on the screechings of railway engines, the infernal roar of aeroplanes, whilst "the strange disordered sounds of great motor vehicles pulling up a steep hill may not impress with their beauty, but when interpreted into music they would have a different appeal." M. Ravel's sense of values is in a chronic state of disorder. "Beethoven composed a symphony based on the life of Napoleon; why should not a modern composer base a *similar* work [my italics!] on the life of a great captain of Industry?" There are many reasons why not. In the first place we have no Beethoven; in the second there is no Napoleon; in the third place how could any modern symphony be "similar" to the "Eroica," and in the fourth there are probably very few "captains of Industry" whose code is such as to ensure the dedication remaining intact—presuming of course a modern Beethoven to be possessed of Ludwig's susceptibility to ideals! Yet again: ". . . the triumph of the machine, the vast monster that man has created to do his bidding. What a noble inspiration!" One wonders why such an obvious admirer of this age has not heard of the connection which exists between machines and unemployment. And to somewhat simple minds there is a certain incongruity about the noble inspiration created by "a vast monster." This kind of thinking, entirely without a sense of values, is by no means confined to M. Ravel. It is only one plane lower than that indulged in by musicologists on a mind-hunt. The words "great" and "genius" are overworked. There is nothing "great" in the achievements of any captain of industry. Such words are not synonyms for artfulness, unscrupulousness, wit, and cunning, all motivated by an incredible greed.

If we examine Mr. Lambert's ideas we shall find that they fairly represent the modern musical ethic. This at once bars the discussion to the man who would include music in his personal philosophy, for musical discussion inside the musical camp, whilst it amounts to nothing very much, has no possible bearing on what we term "life." It is the simplest thing in the world to put one's finger on the fallacy, which is, of course, the assumption, quite without foundation, that music is a "progressive" art. For that reason, I think, Mr. Lambert is wrong in even attempting to parallel Elgar and Ellington. The fact that Elgar is now dead and that the dark-skinned entertainer of a section of degenerate whites is young and very much alive is not evidence that he is Elgar's equal merely because he is operating in a later point of time.

(To be continued)

* * * * *

We hear much of musical appreciation. The possibility that such a thing does not exist is not even considered. If it does exist there is no explaining Professor Dent's reaction to Elgar, Percy Grainger's to Beethoven and John Smith's to Wagner. The very term suggests that the experts have lined up the composers in an order that admits of no error, and that all we poor fish have to do is to work hard and love them in correct sequence. An obvious absurdity. The "appreciators" plod along with their entertaining theories in much the same way as their friends the musicologists, and to as little purpose. Music, in common with many other mysteries, refuses to yield to the purely scientific or analytic method. The "appreciators," in common with the rest of us, set out without even knowing what *music* is! It is because by its

(continued in page 48)

Magic in East and West

(Author of "The Tree of Life," "The Golden Dawn," etc.)

WHEN I was about seventeen years of age, a friend loaned me a copy of Major L. A. Waddell's *Lamaism*. Certainly, in those days, it impressed me. Perhaps I was impressed because of its extreme size, for in every sense it was a heavy tome, and tomes suggested depth and weight of scholarship. Naturally I then knew nothing at all of Magic, and beyond a few Theosophical allusions next to nothing of Buddhism. Thus the greater part of the significance and wide erudition of the book must have passed me by completely. It is a veritable storehouse of knowledge. Quite recently, however, it came my way again. In the light of the little experience and knowledge gained through the passage of several years, it was most illuminating to peruse its pages once more—and it was with the greatest interest that I re-considered it. For me, one of the things that stood out most emphatically this time was the extraordinary similarity between—even the unity of—the highest and basic magical conceptions of both East and West. Whether this is due, as many exponents of the Eastern wisdom would claim, to the direct importation of occult philosophy and practice from the Orient to Western civilisation, it is not my intention now to argue. Nevertheless it is my considered belief that in the West there has definitely been a secret tradition which for centuries has orally transmitted the finer part of this magical knowledge. In fact, so jealously reserved at all times was this tradition that by most people it was hardly suspected at all. Very few were the fortunate individuals who in any age were drawn as though by invisible currents of spiritual affinity to the concealed portals of its Temples.

Occasionally a small portion of this closely concealed tradition wormed its way outwards into books. Some of these latter are those which were written by Iamblichus and the later Neoplatonists, and also by students such as Cornelius Agrippa, Pietro d'Abano, and Eliphas Levi. Its cruder elements found expression in the far-famed Clavicles and Goetias. Yet for the most part the true sequence of teaching, and the vast implications of its practical knowledge were, as above stated, maintained in strict privacy. The reason for this secrecy may have been the feeling that there are only a small number in any age, in any country, amongst any people, who are likely to appreciate or understand the deeper or sublimer aspects of Theurgy, the higher magic. It requires sympathy and much insight, which needless to say few people possess. And there is, consequently, but little point scattering broadcast these pearls of bright wisdom which can only be misunderstood.

Indubitably this latter conclusion is corroborated by Waddell's book *Lamaism*. In point of fact, a good deal of so-called esoteric magical knowledge is there contained—though it is presented wholly without comprehension. Hence his statement of that aspect of Lamaism is vitiated and rendered practically worthless. And while I may agree with Waddell that some of the Lamaistic practices have little to do with historical Buddhism, his sneers as regards an esoteric Buddhism on the magical side of things are simply laughable, for his own book is a clear demon-

stration of precisely that one fact which he has perceived not at all.

His book, obviously, was intended primarily to be an objective account of the Buddhism indigenous to Tibet and as practised by its monks and hermits. Unfortunately, the prejudices and misunderstandings of the author are scarcely concealed. So that while indubitably he did pick up some of the crumbs dropped haphazard from the esoteric table of the Lamas, and recorded them probably as he found them, nevertheless he had not the necessary training, knowledge or insight into the subject that some of the higher initiated Lamas, with whom he conversed, obviously had. The result is that he was unable to make anything of that information. In fact, his account of their practices sounds simply silly and absurd. Psychologically, he succeeds not in throwing ridicule on the lamas but upon himself.

Certain aspects of Theurgy or Western Magic have nowadays been comparatively clearly set forth. Some reviewers and critics were of the opinion that my former work *The Tree of Life* was as plain an elementary statement of its major traditional principles as had yet publicly been made. And Dion Fortune's book, *The Mystical Qabalah*, almost a masterpiece, is likewise an incomparably fine rendition of the philosophy that underlies the practice of Magic. I therefore suggest that by employing the theorems laid down in those two books, and applying them to the material in Waddell's *Lamaism*, we may arrive at an understanding of some otherwise obscure portions of Tibetan Magic.

It may be well, at first, to confess that a good part of the magical routine refers to a psychic plane, to certain levels of the collective Unconscious, though by no means does that wholly condemn it as certain mystical schools feel inclined to do. Other branches concern such phenomenal accomplishments as rain-making, obtaining good crops, scaring away demons, and similar feats with which both Eastern and Occidental legend have familiarised us. Feats, moreover, which require a good deal of explaining away by rationalist and mechanistic scientists. Finally, there is that unhappily large part which verges on witchcraft pure and simple. With this latter, I am at no time concerned. But I maintain, as a primal definition, that Magic whether of the Eastern or Western variety, is essentially a divine process—Theurgy, a mode of spiritual culture or development. From the psychological viewpoint, it may be interpreted as a series of techniques having as their object the withdrawal of libido from external and subjective objects so that, in the renewal of consciousness by a replenished libido, the jewel of a transformed life, with new possibilities and with a new attitude, may be found. It comprises various technical methods, some simple in nature, others highly complex and most difficult to perform, for purifying the personality, and into that cleansed organism freed of pathogenic strain invoking the higher Self. With this in mind, then, a good many of the apparently unrelated items of Magic, some of its invocations and visualising practices, take on a new and added significance. They are important steps whereby to repair, im-

by Israel Regardie

prove or elevate the lower self so that eventually it may prove a worthy vehicle of the Divine Light. A sentence or two written many years ago by William Quan Judge in his pamphlet *An Epitome of Theosophy* express so exactly the impression to be conveyed that it is convenient to quote; "The real object to be kept in view is to so open up or make porous the lower nature that the spiritual nature may shine through it and become the guide and ruler. It is only 'cultivated' in the sense of having a vehicle prepared for its use, into which it may descend."

This conception is likewise the point of view of our magical system. The technical forms of Magic described in *The Tree of Life*, such as Pentagram and other rituals, astral assumption of God-forms, evocations (though not necessarily to physical manifestation) of elemental and planetary spirits, and the invocation of the holy Guardian Angel, are all performed with that one objective held ever before one. Theurgy and the exponents of the Eastern mysticisms are thus in complete accord on the fundamental theoretical principles.

To illustrate now what I mean by the complete misunderstanding which a purely objective account of magical practices is capable of achieving, it will be found interesting to consider but a few statements made by Waddell. First of all, let me quote from page 152 (2nd edition) of his work: "The purest Ge-lug-pa Lama on awaking every morning, and before venturing outside his room, fortifies himself against assault by the demons by first of all assuming the spiritual guise of his fearful tutelary. . . . Thus when the Lama emerges from his room . . . he presents spiritually the appearance of the demon-king, and the smaller malignant demons, being deluded into the belief that the Lama is indeed their own vindictive king, they flee from his presence, leaving the Lama unharmed."

Surely this is a puerile interpretation. Though the fact itself of the assumption of the spiritual forms of tutelary deities is perfectly correct, the rationale he provides is stupid. So far as Western Theurgy is concerned, centuries of effort have shown that one of the most potent adjuncts to spiritual experience, as aiding the assimilation of the lower self into the all-inclusive psyche, is the astral assumption of the magical form of a divine Force or a God. By means of an exaltation of the mind and soul to its presence, whilst giving utterance to an invocation, it is conceded that there may be a descent of the Light into the heart of the devotee, accompanied *pari passu* by an ascent of the mind towards the ineffable splendour of the spirit.

So far as the reason for and explanation of this process is concerned, it may be well briefly to state that according to the magical hypothesis, the whole cosmos is assumed to be permeated and vitalised by One omnipresent Life, which in itself is both immanent as well as transcendent. At the dawn of the manifestation of the universe from the thrice unknown darkness, there issue forth the Lives—great gods and spiritual forces, *Cosmo-cratores*, who become the intelligent architects and builders of the manifold parts of the universe. From their own individual spiritual essence, other lesser hierarchies are begotten, and these in turn emanate or evolve from themselves still other groups. These are they which represent in the hidden depths of the psyche those primordial ideas which Jung speaks of as archetypal images ever present in the Collective Unconscious of the race. Thus it is that, through the union of the human consciousness with the being of the gods in an ascending scale, the soul of man may gradually approach the final root and source of his

being. In the Buddhist scheme this is "the essence of mind which is intrinsically pure," the Dharmakaya, the unconditioned divine body of truth. The intent to frighten malignant demons has no inclusion within the scope of this technique. Whether the later hypothesis is original with Major Waddell or not is difficult to surmise. Probably it was made by a Lama in a lighter vein to put an end to leading questions, though at the same time it is true that in moments of psychic danger, the assumption of a God-form is of enormous assistance. Not because the threatening elemental or demon, for example, is fooled or frightened by the form. But because the operator, in opening himself to one phase of the divine spirit by the assumption of its symbolic form, does take upon himself or is empowered with the authority and dominion of that God.

It was in Egypt, so far as the western form of magic is concerned, that these cosmic forces received close attention and their qualities and attributes observed and recorded. Thus arose the conventionalised photographs of their Gods which are profound in significance, while simple in the moving eloquence of their description. It is the Egyptian God-forms that are used in occidental magic, not those of Tibet or India. The technical use of these God-forms consists in the application of the powers of will and imagination—as well as of sound and colour. A very profound paragraph may be found in *The Mahatma Letters*, where K. H. wrote to A. P. Sinnett: "How could you make yourself understood—command in fact those semi-intelligent forces, whose means of communicating with us are not through spoken words, but through sounds and colours, in correlations between the vibrations of the two. For sound, light and colour are the main factors in forming these grades of intelligence. . . ."

Though it is hardly politic to enter more deeply into this matter, the remarks of K. H. apply equally to other forces and powers than elemental. The astral form of colour and light assumed in the imagination creates a mould or a focus of a special kind, into which by technical modes of vibration and invocation, the force or spiritual power desired incarnates. By the clothing of one's own astral form with the ideal figure of the God, now vitalised by the descent of the invoked force, it is held that man may be assumed into the very bosom of Godhead, and so gradually return, with the acquisition of his own humanity, to that unnameable mysterious Root wherefrom originally he came.

Another instance of Waddell's lack of humour and insight occurs on page 322. In describing the training of the novice, it is said that the Lama adopts a "deep hoarse voice, acquired by training in order to convey the idea that it emanates from maturity and wisdom." It is not known to me whether any of my readers have witnessed any kind of a magical ceremony, or heard an invocation recited by a skilled practitioner—though I should say few have. The tone always adopted is one which will yield the maximum of vibration. For many students a deep intoning, or a humming, is the one which vibrates the most. Therefore that is the ideal tone whereby to awaken from within the subtle magical forces required. It will have been noted too that the best invocations are always sonorous and intensely vibrant. The Tibetan specimens given by Waddell and Dr. Evans Wentz contain an amusing number of Oms, Hums, Has, and Phats.

With this question of sound in magical conjurations I have dealt at some length elsewhere. Suffice to remark here that in *The Secret Doctrine* Madame Blavatsky suggests that the vibratory

use of conjurations and sound generally have a profound significance. "Sound and rhythm," she observes, "are closely related to the four elements. . . . Such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken corresponding powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be." The whole subject of sound, and the employment of so-called barbarous names of evocation, requires thoroughly to be studied before one dare suggest an explanation accusing either Magi or Lamas merely of a *pose* of wisdom.

One notes with aroused attention too that the Tibetans have a form of what is called here in the Occident the Qabalistic Cross. On page 423 of his book, there is the following description: "Before commencing any devotional exercise, the higher Lamas perform or go through a manœuvre bearing a close resemblance to 'crossing oneself' as practised by Christians. The Lama gently touches his forehead either with the finger or with the bell, uttering the mystic Om, then he touches the top of his chest, uttering Ah, then the epigastrium (pit of stomach) uttering Hum. And some Lamas add Sva-ha, while others complete the cross by touching the left shoulder, uttering Dam and then Yam. It is alleged that the object of these manipulations is to concentrate the parts of the Sattva, namely, the body, speech, and mind upon the image or divinity which he is about to commune with."

Prior to commenting upon the above, it is imperative to indicate certain fundamental theories to be found in some books of the Qabalah. If the reader is familiar with Dr. Wm. W. Westcott's *Introduction to the Study of the Kaballah*, or with Dion Fortune's more recent book, *The Mystical Qabalah*, he will have seen there a diagram attributing the Ten Sephiroth or principles to the figure of a man. Above the head, forming a crown, is *Keser* which represents the divine spirit, and at the feet is *Malkus*, while to the right and left shoulders are attributed *Gevurah* and *Gedulah*, Power and Majesty. In Qabalistic pneumatology, *Keser* is a correspondence of the Monad, the dynamic and essential selfhood of a man, the spirit which seeks experience through incarnation here on earth. That this Sephirah or potency is placed *above* the head rather than, say, within the brain or in the centre of the heart, is highly significant. It is the light of the Spirit which shines always into the darkness below. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." And again, "When his candle shined upon my head and by his light I walked through darkness." This is an idea which has its parallels in other systems too. For example, in *An Epitome of Theosophy* we find Judge writing: "It is held that the real man, who is the higher self, being the spark of the Divine, overshadows the visible being, which has the possibility of becoming united to that spark. Thus it is said that the higher Spirit is not *in* the man, but *above* him."

All mystical and magical procedure has as its object so to purify the lower self that this higher Self, which normally overshadows us only and is seldom in full incarnation, may descend into a purified and concentrated vehicle. The theurgic tradition asserts that by the proper performance of the Qabalistic Cross, this end may be accomplished. As a devotional exercise or meditation, it is used in collaboration with the formulation of certain lineal figures, the vibration of names of power, and followed by the invocation of the four great archangels. Its western form is as follows:

1. Touch the forehead, and say *Atoh* (Thou art).
2. Touch the breast, say *Malkus* (the Kingdom).
3. Touch the right shoulder, say *ve-Gevurah* (and the Power).

4. Touch the left shoulder, say *ve-Gedulah* (and the Glory).
5. Clasp the hands over the heart, say *le-Olahm. Amen* (for ever, Amen).
6. Here follow the suitable Pentagrams made facing the cardinal quarters, and the vibration of names of power.
7. Extend the arms in the form of a cross, saying:
8. Before me Raphael, Behind me Gabriel.
9. On my right hand Michael, on my left hand Auriel.
10. For before me flames the Pentagram,
11. And behind me the six-rayed Star.
12. Repeat 1-5, the Qabalistic Cross.

So far as this little ritual is concerned, one may describe its action as under several heads. It first invokes the power of the higher Self as a constant source of surveillance and guidance. Having then banished by the tracing of the appropriate pentagrams all the elementals from the four cardinal points with the aid of the four four-lettered names of God, it then calls the four Archangels—the four functions of the interior psychic world, and the dual pair of opposites—to protect the sphere of magical operation, that is the circle of the Self. In closing, it once again invokes the higher Self, so that from the beginning to the end, the entire ceremony is under the guardianship of the spirit. The first section, comprising points one to five, identifies the higher Self of the operator with the highest aspects of the Sephirothic universe. In fact, it affirms the soul's essential identity with the collective consciousness of the whole of mankind.

If one attempted a further analysis, it would be seen that the Hebrew word *Atoh*, meaning "Thou," would refer to the divine white brilliance, the higher self overshadowing each man. By drawing down the Light to the pit of the stomach—which symbolically represents the feet, since to bend down to the feet would make an awkward gesture, the vertical shaft of a cross of Light is established in the imagination. The horizontal shaft is affirmed by touching both the shoulders, and vibrating words which state that the qualities of the higher self include both power and majesty. Equilibrium is the especial characteristic of the cross as a particular symbol, and the tracing of the Qabalistic Cross within the aura affirms the descent of the spirit and its equilibrium within consciousness or within the magical sphere. This meaning is further emphasised by the gesture of clasping the hands over the *Tiphareth* centre, the place of harmony and balance, and saying *le-Olahm, Amen*, forever.

The Sanskrit word *Sattva* implies purity and rhythm and harmony, and of the three Gunas or qualities refers to Spirit. Similarly in the Western equivalent of this schema Alchemy, the three qualities are correspondences of the three Alchemical principles, Salt, Sulphur and Mercury. Of these the Universal Mercury is an attribution of *Keser*—that holy angel who is the divine guardian and Watcher, overshadowing the soul of man, ever awaiting an ordered approach so that its vehicle may be lifted up to its own glory. There is here, then, a very great resemblance between the Tibetan devotional exercise and that which is enjoined as one of the most important practices of the Qabalistic Magic of the Occidental tradition.

In that section of the book where Waddell describes the Lamaistic celebration of the Eucharist, there is another important parallelism. It describes how the priest or lama who conducts the ceremony is obliged to have purified himself during the greater part of the preceding twenty-four hours by ceremonial bathing,

(continued in page 40)

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MAGIC IN EAST AND WEST—(continued from page 39)

and by having uplifted his mind through continual repetition of mantras or invocations. The actual description of the inner or magical aspect of the ritual, while not particularly well stated, is given for what it is worth: "Everything being ready and the congregation assembled, the priest, ceremonially pure by the ascetic rites above noted, and dressed in robe and mantle, abstracts from the great image of the Buddha *Amitayus* part of the divine essence of that deity, by placing the *vajra* of his *rdor jehi t'ag* upon the nectar vase which the image of *Amitayus* holds in his lamp, and applying the other end to his own bosom, over his heart. Thus, through the string, as by a telegraph wire passes the divine spirit, and the Lama must mentally conceive that his heart is in actual union with that of the god *Amitayus* and that, for the time being, he is himself that god."

After this meditation, the rice-offerings and the fluid in a special vase are consecrated by very fierce invocations and cymbal music. Then the consecrated food and water is partaken of by the assembly.

From the theurgic viewpoint the rationale of the Eucharist is quite simple. There may be innumerable types of Eucharist, all having different ends in view. A substance having a special affinity according to the doctrine of sympathies for a particular kind of spiritual force or god is chosen, and ceremonially consecrated. Thus a wheaten wafer is of the substance of the Corn-goddess, attributed either to the powers of Venus, or to the element of Earth presided over by Ceres or Apis, the fertile bull of Earth. Penetrative oils would be specially referred to the element of Fire, the tutelary deity of which is Horus. Olives would be sacred to the force represented by the astrological sign Aquarius, the element Air, and the goddess Hathor. And wine is referred to Dionysius and the solar gods generally, Osiris, Ra, etc. By an elaborate table of correspondences it is possible to select any substance to be the physical basis for the manifestation of a spiritual idea. The consecration, ceremonially, of the material basis by means of an invocation of the divine force accomplishes what is vulgarly called the miracle of transubstantiation. To use more preferable magical terminology, the substance is transformed from a dead inert body into a living organism, a talisman in short. The consecration charges it and gives it a soul, as it were.

At this juncture, I must register my emphatic disagreement with those writers on science and Magic who, impressed unduly or in the wrong way by modern psychology, explain the effect of a talisman as due entirely to suggestion. This is sheer nonsense. And I can only assume that whoever makes this sort of argument is without the least experience of this type of magical work. It is experience which comprises or *should comprise* the first part of one's early practical work in the technical side of Magic. And lack of experience in even this elementary aspect of technical virtuosity vitiates every opinion on other forms.

We are confronted here by the same problem that arose over a century ago in another sphere. The early great magnetisers after Mesmer—great names like de Puységur, Deleuze, du Potet and Lafontaine—claimed that by means of will and imagination they were able to open themselves to an influx from without and then to transmit from their own organisms a species of vital power or animal magnetism. This force pervading all space they claimed could be used therapeutically. Later on, when attempting to appropriate the trance phenomenon and healing methods

(continued in page 49)

and under the soil, that any one who wanted a monument to their memories had but to look around at prosperous and busy Workington.

Si requiris monumentum, circumspecte.

But Workington to-day. . .

And there would be something else in his mind which promised that in the future there would be no falling back into the awful distress from which the people had had to suffer in the past, when work failed and trade was stagnant—an idea which may have come to him visualising the Hungry Forties of twelve years ahead. What idea? And what plan? An idea which I think justifies me in saying that but for the curse on the House into which he had entered, his name would to-day be remembered with blessings by millions of the people for whom he gave the whole of his self-sacrificing and devoted life.

But let us hear what Sir Victor Horsley, speaking at Appleby on September 27th, 1912, has to say in referring to the Insurance Act of that year: "Where was the Act originally devised? It was originally devised and invented by a Cumberland man who at the beginning of last century did more than any other member of the House of Commons for national progress. That man was John Christian Curwen. He was a patriot in the true sense of the word. In the terrible distress which followed the Napoleonic

wars, he came to the House of Commons with a scheme not simply to stop poverty but to provide against sickness, and in order to do that he said he must have the co-operation of the whole nation. The first person to subscribe must be the worker who was going to benefit, the second must be the employer, and the third the State. In other words that was the scheme which had now been adopted. The Health Insurance Act."

This idea was laughed at when it was first proposed and the Cumberland squire was spoken of in the House as a visionary. It took just over a hundred years to come to fruition and development, but no credit has ever been given for it to the man who first conceived it. There is no grievance here. The man who "just took the tax off sheep-dogs and salt," and asked to be buried without any inscription being made on his place of interment, must have shared not at all in the desire for publicity which seems to actuate more self-seeking politicians. I think if he could come back now and see from what horrors his matured idea now come into being protects the people whom he loved, he would feel himself more than rewarded. I think so all the more when I remember how, sixty years after his death, whilst I was travelling round the United Kingdom on certain sociological investigations which at that time were made public, I came across quite a number of cases where women, men and children had actually died of starvation. From such a doom John Curwen's provision at least saves the people.

But does the Ban persist on Elgyfa's descendants?

I hope not.

BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND

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Gold and the Sun

IN our studies of nitrate of silver we found many hidden and formative forces, and after comparing the experiments carried out during one year, we found differences according to the seasons, to the months, at the full moon and new moon, and the waxing and waning quarters. In a previous article we noted the effect of the moon on plant-growth, last month we observed its workings on the salt-solution, nitrate of silver.

Is it possible to show a connection between the sun and gold? We approached this problem by means similar to those employed in our Moon and Silver experiments. We used filter-paper in a solution of chloride of gold. It is a dark brown salt, easily soluble. One gramme was dissolved into one hundred cubic centimetres of distilled water, ten cubic centimetres of the solution being transferred to a glass vessel of about four inches wide. Into this we dipped, in the form of a cylinder, a piece of filter-paper. The liquid gradually rose until its limit was reached, during which time the paper turned yellow, and the borderline, violet. After a time other colours appeared, alternating between a dark yellow, pink, purple, and violet. It is almost impossible to give an adequate description of the gold picture,—certainly not with the ease experienced in the silver pictures, for in the latter case we had forms with which to compare the phenomena. It is useless to take a photograph, because the original yellow becomes black and nothing is left of the characteristics of gold. Silver produces forms; gold produces wonderful colours. We might have studied the changing pictures, day and night, for say, a year, their reactions to the various times of day and night, and to the seasons. But how could we have proved a connection with the sun? It may be possible, I thought, during an eclipse; if something unusual were to happen to the sun, would there not be a correspondence in the chloride of gold?

I therefore undertook an experiment during the 1927 eclipse, —ten years ago, although the eclipse was not "total" in middle Europe. Two days before the event I began with preparatory experiments. I should mention that I did not confine myself to gold alone, but employed many other metal salts in combination with the gold. For instance, I mixed gold-chloride with a solution of nitrate of silver. The result was of course a chemical reaction (chloride of silver being deposited), but my interest was chiefly concerned with observing the influence of an eclipse. I then mixed chloride of gold with a solution of chloride of quicksilver, or with a solution of sulphate of copper, sulphate of iron, chloride of tin or nitrate of lead. Each combination produced a different picture. I argued that if the sun affects gold, then it must produce changes in all combinations containing gold.

Two days before the eclipse I experimented every hour, day and night. The experiments were with gold, silver, then with silver and gold, quicksilver and gold, copper and gold, iron and gold, tin and gold, lead and gold, and so on. During the eclipse, experiments were carried out every five minutes so that the whole twenty-four hours were occupied. The first day and

night, and also the second day went by comparatively smoothly, but the second night brought fatigue with it. Relief was not possible, for the experiments must be conducted throughout by one person; it is a very sensitive process, and the intrusion of another person may create complications. The third morning was that of the eclipse, and fatigue was lost in the excitement. Would the next few minutes prove me right or wrong? Would the rows of bottles and rows of filter-papers representing forty-eight hours of experiments be just so much labour wasted, or would the result justify it? Soon after sunrise I mixed silver and gold, and it appeared to me that a reaction was setting in with greater rapidity than usual; the colour of the deposit looked darker. But perhaps I was mistaken? I then mixed gold and tin, and was quite sure that the reaction changed. Gold and tin normally produce purple, but this reaction was a dark violet.

* * * * *

The eclipse begins; slowly the sun's disc becomes smaller as the moon covers it. Outside, all is still, the birds cease to sing, and as daylight dies away a strange feeling steals over the soul. But I mix gold and silver, and gold and tin, and gold and quicksilver incessantly. The gold assumes brown-red colours and the picture contains many dirty spots. The silver and gold reaction is not yellow-brown as before, it grows darker and darker. The liquid rises into the filter-paper, but instead of the beautiful colours and forms which usually attend silver and gold, gold and tin reacted quite suddenly nearly black. The pictures of gold and iron lost their colour, showing more iron than gold; the same happened with copper and quicksilver. Who could fail to understand the exultation I felt at that moment! The connection of the sun with gold was proved! Because of the inability of the sun to send his rays to the earth, even in daytime, the substances in my laboratory which contained gold *reflected the darkened sun*. The gold picture lost its beautiful colours and turned brown and dirty. I worked on and on to discover how long the change would be found in the various substances. It was many hours before the gold returned to normal, but the mixture of gold and tin remained disturbed. The third day and night passed without my getting tired, and even on the fifth day I was working without visible fatigue. Whilst all other substances required only twenty-four hours to regain normality, it was a fortnight before tin and gold regained a usual appearance.

Since 1927 I have studied all eclipses, whether visible or invisible in central Europe, and I can affirm that gold, and the combination of gold and silver always show in a marked degree the effect of the sun upon gold.

Last year I went to Asia Minor to study the total eclipse which was visible at Brussa, this being the first time I had been able to experiment at totality. I began twenty-four hours before the eclipse and finished twenty-four afterwards—seventy-two hours of incessant work. The experiments had to be made in an hotel, but I was fortunate enough to secure a large room having

by Mrs. L. Kolisko

an open veranda looking towards the East which enabled me to watch the whole event.

The hotel had only opened its doors on the day of my arrival, and I had asked for a room with windows looking towards the East to facilitate a view of the eclipse, and I was surprised to find that no one appeared to be aware that an eclipse was to take place. I set about transforming the room into a laboratory, and became a little anxious when, after a time, the *maitre d'hotel* came in and asked about the eclipse. He offered no protest at the transformed room, and showed the greatest interest in my work. I explained everything, which he translated into Turkish and passed on to the head waiter.

The morning of the eclipse came with a brilliant sun-rise; there was not a cloud in the sky. The head waiter's propaganda among the guests and staff resulted in their being gathered in force on the hotel roof to witness the eclipse. I mixed gold and silver, gold and tin, gold and iron and so on just as I had done for some years. The gold underwent a change from light yellow to dark violet. At first only the top of the picture became dark; but as the eclipse proceeded, darkness covered the whole picture. The previous day the filter papers had shown a lovely blue-violet; now the colours faded away, the violet turned grey, and then came a strange intrusion into the coloured space. In the middle of the paper appeared a dark spot. The silver segregated itself from the mixture and took the form of a dark brown spot. Totality began. The sun was entirely covered by the moon; the corona flashed out like a silver crown around the darkened disc. A silvery light spread over the sky, and near the sun stood Venus. It was a strange moment; the whole of nature was silent. The birds had disappeared; no sound was heard. In the mixture of gold and silver we found reflected the total eclipse. *The moon covered the sun, the silver completely overpowered the gold!* Totality lasted only a few seconds, then a little of the sun shone through the darkness. The experiment with silver and gold showed a certain colouring due to the gold, but a great part of the whole picture showed the effect of nitrate of silver. Experiment after experiment was carried out, and each showed how slowly the gold regained its strength. The gold pictures became clearer, the dark-violet-brown zone became smaller, and after a few hours the

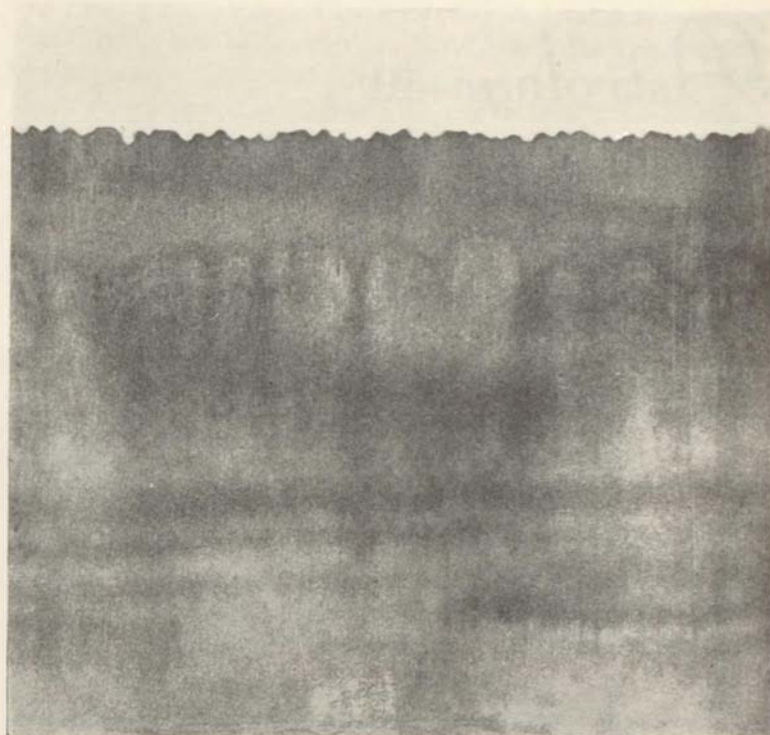


Fig. 2. Gold Chloride during Totality. June, 1936

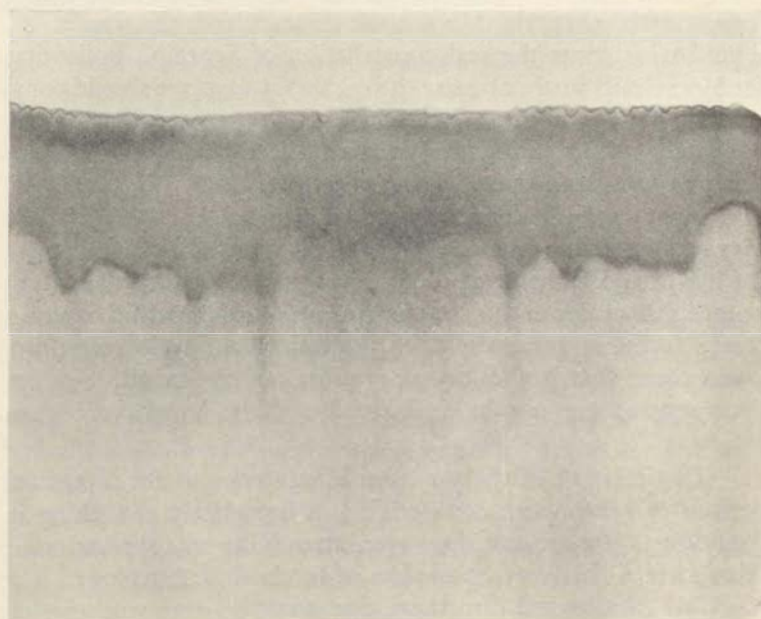


Fig. 3. Gold Chloride one hour after Eclipse. June, 1936

violet was quite clear. Then, curiously, it turned pink, for on the day before the eclipse practically no pink was visible. It is not practicable to reproduce here the original colours, but coloured prints are in my book "Gold and the Sun."* The pictures reproduced here were taken before the eclipse, during totality, and after the eclipse and are experiments with gold alone. The others taken during the same three periods showing the results of experiments with silver and gold.

Each eclipse has a character of its own. Reverting to the eclipse of 1933, I remember that it rained so that I could see nothing

(continued in page 47)

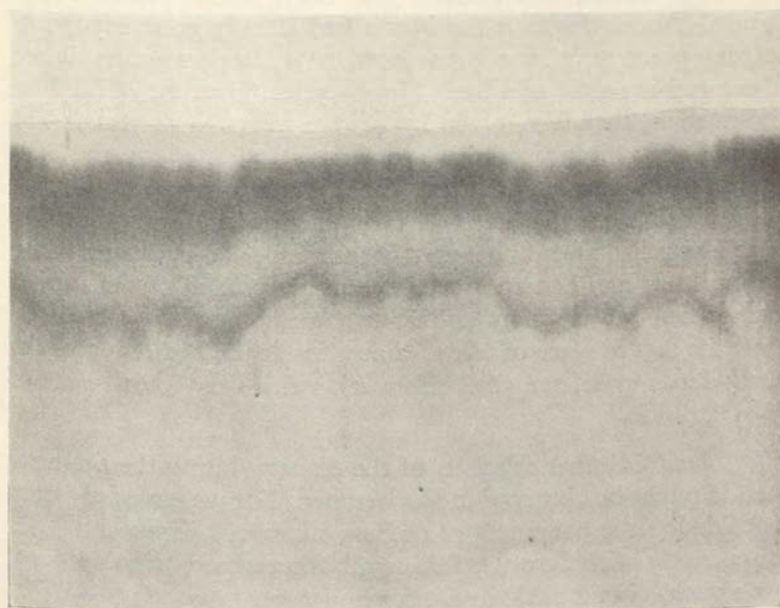


Fig. 1. Gold Chloride before Eclipse. June, 1936

* Obtainable from the Offices of the *Modern Mystic* (7/9 post-free).

Astrology—III

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRE-NATAL EVENTS AMONG THE STARS

IN the previous article, we discovered with the help of the Hermetic Rule how it is possible to find a certain pre-natal constellation—nay, more, a living system of constellations, all in relation to each other. It will now be our task to bring these cosmic facts into connection with the earthly life of man.

Thus we began with the case of Richard Wagner. Between August 15th, 1812 (constellation of the pre-natal epoch), and May 22nd, 1813, (the date of Wagner's birth) the Moon had circled ten times fully round the Zodiac and had gone on through the small space between Sagittarius and Aquarius. We also took into consideration the paths of the Planets and of the Sun. Herein we found the necessary key, enabling us to enter in a real way into these relations.

Experience itself has shown that the lunar cycles in this pre-natal time are like reflected pictures, as it were foretelling the subsequent rhythms of man's earthly life. Take once again the example of Richard Wagner. In the pre-natal constellation of August 15th, 1812, the Moon took its start from the sign of ♎, behind which was the real constellation of Scorpio. Following the Moon in its further course through 27.3 days, we should come again to the Moon in ♎. This first of the pre-natal lunar cycles is related to the period in Wagner's Earth-life when he was from one to seven years old. The next lunar cycle, leading once more after 27.3 days to the starting-point in ♎, is a reflection of the life-period from seven to fourteen years. Each of the subsequent lunar cycles in this way represents a further period of seven years. In the approximately ten pre-natal lunar cycles, ten times seven years, that is about seventy years are prefigured. Seventy years represent a certain ideal average of the length of human life.

This relation of the pre-natal lunar cycles to the septennial periods of subsequent earthly life is a completely new thing in Astrology. We are not, however, attempting to supplant other relationships that may be spoken of in classical Astrology. The so-called astrological directions, for example, represent another way of relating the events in the starry Heavens to the course of life in time. Later descriptions will show this point of view also to be justified within certain limits; nay, more, it will be possible to recognise its deeper spiritual background.

This correspondence of the pre-natal period with the subsequent time-rhythms gives rise to an expressive picture of the drama of human life. In Richard Wagner's case, at the beginning of each new cycle the Moon comes once again into the constellation of Scorpio. From this we can surmise that this personality, at the beginning of each new seven-year period of life—at the ages, for example, of twenty-one, twenty-eight and thirty-five years—will have to undergo a difficult time in his life; Scorpio is, indeed, difficult. We shall find this confirmed to some extent when we consider his biography.

Yet the Moon-rhythms by themselves would only give us

indications of something that should repeat itself monotonously about ten times—dull and invariable. It is due to the other Planets that it is not so. These Planets, too, in the whole time before birth, have had their dramatic meetings and relationships to one another; thereby the regular repeated rhythms of the lunar cycles are given a more individual character.

Take, for example, the beginning of the sixth Moon-cycle in the pre-natal constellations of Richard Wagner, namely, December 30th, 1812. Until this moment the Moon—beginning in ♎ on August 15th, 1812—has passed five times completely round the Zodiac and is about to commence her sixth cycle. A few days later, on January 2nd, 1813, it is New Moon—that is, the Moon passes before the Sun, which at this time is in the sign of ♎. At the same time the Sun is in conjunction with Saturn, so that we have the following picture in the Cosmos. Moon, Sun and Saturn are at this moment one behind the other, and all of them are in the sign of ♎, behind which is the real constellation of Sagittarius.

At this moment, therefore, something of individual and unique significance is taking place in the pre-natal development, and as it is at the beginning of the sixth lunar cycle, it will be a reflection of events in Richard Wagner's life about the change from the fifth to the sixth seven-year period. We shall find this confirmed; but we will first consider in this way a few more of the events which took place in the starry worlds during the pre-natal period.

At the beginning of the seventh lunar cycle, on January 27th, 1813, there was a conjunction of Saturn and Mercury. This would be related to the forty-second or forty-third year of Wagner's life. A few days later, on February 3rd, 1813, Venus passed before Saturn. About this time the Moon had already gone beyond its starting-point in ♎, for it was now in ♏, having accomplished about two-sevenths of a fresh Moon-cycle. The time of life here indicated is, therefore, given by $42 + 2 \text{ years} = 44 \text{ years}$. The dramatic significance of this moment is indicated by the conjunction of Venus and Saturn. Finally, not long before birth—on April 20th, 1813—there was a conjunction of Mars and Saturn. The Moon had already begun its tenth pre-natal cycle and stood before Mars and Saturn in ♎. We are reminded of the former case, when Moon, Mars and Saturn were together—only it is now the Sun in place of Mars. Since it is at the beginning of the tenth lunar cycle, we shall relate it to the sixty-fourth year of Wagner's life.

Manifold other relations of the planets during the pre-natal period might be observed in like manner. For we have only been considering the conjunctions of Sun, Mercury, Venus and Mars respectively with Saturn. Taking all other aspects into account, we should obtain a highly intricate picture.

We have discovered four essential moments:

Constellation.	Lunar Cycle.	Corresponding Time in Life.
♄ in sign of ♏ (constellation of Sagittarius)	♄ ☉ ♄	5 + $\frac{1}{7}$ = 36th year — 1849
	♄ ♀	6 = 42nd year — 1855
	♄ ♀	6 + $\frac{2}{7}$ = 44th year — 1857
	♄ ♂ ♄	9 + $\frac{1}{7}$ = 64th year — 1877

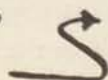
Beside these cosmic facts we must now place the actual biography of Richard Wagner.

In the year 1849 Wagner came into a very difficult situation. He had taken an active part in the revolution which then broke out in Dresden. The revolutionaries were defeated and Wagner was obliged to flee to Switzerland, which was for him the beginning of a long and arduous period of exile. In their more outward aspect these events came very near to the destruction of his physical existence, but they were no less important in their spiritual aspect. This was about the middle of Wagner's life, and it is as though at this moment two different beings were meeting and wrestling with one another in his inner life. Wagner was one of those men who are strong enough and brave enough to imprint the higher mythical reality of their true self upon the ordinary lower human nature.

These two—the lower man, and the higher man who belongs to the future—were in this year in a peculiar relation to one another in Wagner's life. His share in revolutionary conflict is a symptom of it. He bore within him the strong will to bring to birth a new form of art—one which should bear the human being upward on to a new and hitherto undivined level of existence. But in the many years of struggle and bitter disappointment until then, he had experienced all the hindrances to which the lower man is subject. In a radical convulsion of the existing social order, he thought he saw the preparing of the ways along which mankind should rise to a higher level, in harmony with the artistic ideals which he felt within himself. The course of events showed this assumption to be wrong, and Richard Wagner had to suffer for it. The year 1849 represents a deep incision in his life. Henceforward he was to work inexorably at the realisation of his artistic ideal, leaving the ordinary, the merely civic man, the "citizen" behind him. Indeed at this moment the civil community to which he had belonged drove him into banishment and exile. He was pursued for the part which he had played in the revolution, and many years were to elapse before he could again set foot upon his native German soil.

These events, as I said, are reflected in the pre-natal conjunction of Saturn and Sun in the constellation of Sagittarius. How shall we relate this situation in the human being's destiny with the cosmic data? Old astrological rules will not avail us here, for we are dealing with an altogether new astrological conception. We must look for other ways and methods.

In the first place we shall observe that the conjunction took place in the constellation of Sagittarius for which the symbol ♏ is used. Let us now try to enter rather more deeply into the symbolic language of the zodiacal signs. The Sagittarius arrow indicates something like a movement—a direction leading towards a certain goal. To make the language clearer and more living to us, we may perhaps transform the symbol into—as it were a steep and winding uphill path.



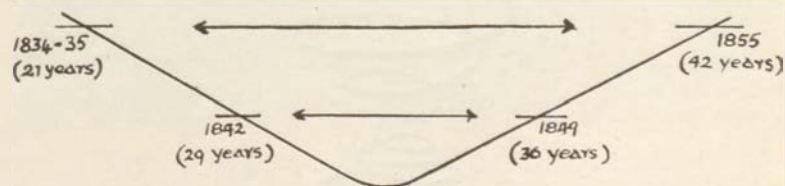
During the whole of Wagner's embryo-development Saturn was in the sphere of Sagittarius. Now Saturn has the character of heaviness; it is indeed related to the metal lead. It is above all the representative of Fate—of destiny inexorable as the course of Time itself. Saturn in Sagittarius will, therefore, indicate a pathway of development towards a certain goal, yet steep and arduous and even painful. Now before Saturn comes the Sun, which has the centre and the periphery in equal balance, as is shown in the Sun-symbol ☉. The Sun comes hither from the constellation of Leo, connected, we may well imagine, with an element of strength and action. ☉ in conjunction with ♂ in Leo (for so it was in the constellation of the pre-natal epoch, August 15th, 1812) is a true picture of the remarkable energy of Wagner's nature. For the conjunction of ☉ and ♂ signifies in this regard an enhancement of active power, the physiological significance of this conjunction notwithstanding.

When, therefore, ☉ passes before ♄ in Sagittarius, it is made possible for this great energy in action, directed as it is in Wagner's being to an artistic ideal for the future of mankind, to be purified and transmuted to a higher level. This is what happened in the events of 1849.

In like manner we should have to understand the passage of the other planets ♃, ♀ and ♂ before ♄. All these are pictures of successive stages in an arduous and uphill way of destiny, from out of which, however, the outstanding genius of Richard Wagner is able to bring forth his true creative power.

The passage of ♃ before ♄ is connected with the year 1855, approximately speaking (see the table). Wagner was in Zurich at this time. The tragedy of the three women who played a decisive part in his life was coming to a head. In the first place he was growing more and more estranged from Minna Wagner, who until then in her own way had been his faithful companion through all the difficulties of his life. The very diverse tendencies of their two lives drew them ever more apart from one another. Moreover, it was about this time that Mathilde Wesendonk came in a deeply impressive way into Wagner's life. *Tristan and Isolde* is at once the picture and the fruit of the deep emotions and far-reaching inner experiences he underwent with her. Finally, it was in these same years that Cosima Bülow came into relation to him—Cosima, who was to help him carry his life's work to a conclusion.

Looking at Wagner's life in this way, we are led to a very remarkable aspect, which may perhaps be indicated in a diagram:

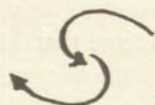


It was in 1834-5 that Richard Wagner met with Minna Planer, who became his wife. Approximately $3 \times 7 = 21$ years elapsed from then until the year 1855 of which we have now been speaking. In between, there were the events of 1842 and 1849. In 1842, having suffered times of great privation, Wagner came back from Paris to Dresden. 1849 was the time of his dramatic departure from Dresden, his flight into Switzerland. Comparing these three cycles of seven years—as indicated in the drawing—we see that about the middle of the fifth septennial period (28-35) there was a turning point in Wagner's life. Each subsequent

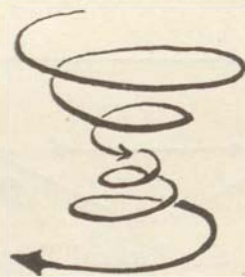
event is like a kind of reflection of a corresponding event before this turning point, yet on a higher level. Thus the return from Paris, where he had not been made altogether welcome, appears again in a changed form in the flight of 1849. The first experience with Minna Planer, in 1834, is transformed into the culmination of the year 1855. We can gain some idea of the overwhelming inner changes that must have taken place in this human soul about the age of 42, that is in 1855—changes which can only be spoken of with great reserve, but which were certainly of deep significance for his creation. The possibility of these deep changes was rooted in all those events which were prefigured in the pre-natal life in the conjunction of ♀ and ♄.

The passage of ♀ before ♄ is related in like manner to the year 1857, when the events which we referred to in relation to ♀ reached their culmination, while at the same time another and altogether new element came in. On Good Friday 1857, after a long period of outer and inner darkness, Richard Wagner had a profound experience of new life in the rising Sun, the opening of spring-time. He remembered of a sudden, how significantly once before the thought of Good Friday had come to him, when reading Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parsifal*. Quickly from out of this impression he conceived his own drama of *Parsifal*—destined in a unique way to crown his entire life's work.

This event had found its reflection in the pre-natal constellations of Venus. On August 15th, 1812, ♀ had been in conjunction with ♋ at the beginning of the constellation of Cancer. Passing subsequently before ♄, the Venus influence was mightily enhanced by the profound and difficult experiences which were to come in the year 1857, thereby transforming the Cancer symbol into a picture of the cosmic Spirit coming in from a primeval past, passing through the present age of human life and reaching outward again into the cosmic future of the Earth :



The Cancer symbol may also be taken as a picture of two spirals passing one into the other—one with an involving movement and the other once more with an evolving movement, signifying the perpetual and living passage from the past into the future.



We need only select from Wagner's *Parsifal* the three characters of Titurel, Amfortas and Parsifal himself. The picture becomes alive. Titurel represents the cosmic past, Amfortas the present time of human evolution in the midst of crisis and suffering, and Parsifal the healing spirit of the Earth's future, sustained by the deep power of the Holy Grail.

Parsifal was Richard Wagner's in-born goal in life, to be attained in a long and weary pilgrimage. In 1882, when the

finished drama was presented for the first time, his life was fulfilled; the next year, in 1883, he left the Earth. This final step towards perfection was reflected in the pre-natal conjunction of ♄ and ♀, related by virtue of the lunar cycles to the year 1876-7. In the year 1876 *The Ring* was performed for the first time at Bayreuth. In 1877, the text of the *Parsifal* poem was completed. The first complete performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen* may be regarded as the climax of a long epoch in Richard Wagner's inner evolution. Once again, it was an epoch of about three times seven years (1857-77), and only when this period was ended was he in a position to finish the text of *Parsifal* and to begin putting it to music. ♀ therefore, which in the pre-natal epoch, August 15th, 1812, in conjunction with the Sun, represented as it were a higher synthesis of creative energy—♂ had to wait longest of all for fulfilment. Yet at long last, this was to be the crown of Richard Wagner's life-work.

Thus, in the pre-natal constellation of a human being, seen in relation to the lunar cycles, we have something like a pre-figured and prophetic plan of the Earth-life that is about to begin. It is indeed a highly complex organism, woven out of the spiritual essences of the Cosmos, formed in a fully individual way for every single human life and incorporated into the man's earthly nature. Nor does this delicate and cosmic entity work in the human being as a mere abstract power or decree of "Fate." It is a living reality, helping to form and shape even the physical body itself. In its effects, we can detect this "body of the stars" even in the building of the organs of the body, in illnesses and tendencies to illness. It is itself a "body" answering to the physical body upon a higher level. We may relate it to what is known in Occultism as the "Etheric Body."

Yet is this "body," woven as it is out of the forces of the stars, no more than a pre-figured plan of the coming Earth-life. It is like the map of a country. We can map out our journey in a particular direction; we are then bound to some extent by such resolve. Yet for our inner experience of the landscape we are never bound. From the impressions which we receive with our senses as we go upon our way, we can arouse within us all that the inner life and imagination of the soul makes possible. The more alive we are, the more we shall receive. So, too, there cannot be any absolute determination of the course of human life by the world of stars.

The Montezuma Codex

It is reported from Vienna that Professor Roeck has succeeded in deciphering the Montezuma Codex, a four-hundred year old book given to Cortez by the Aztec Emperor. The book contains many references to astronomical, religious and historical matters, and should be invaluable in reconstructing the highly evolved civilization whose extinction along with the neighbouring one of the Incas was one of the major crimes of the Spanish Conquistadors. A tremendous number of books similar to the Codex were in existence at the time of the conquest by the so-called "Christian" hordes of Spain, but they were mostly destroyed by a fanatical archbishop, one Don Juan de Zumaraga. Professor Roeck is Director of the Museum of Ethnology in Vienna which houses the richest collection of Aztec remains in the world.

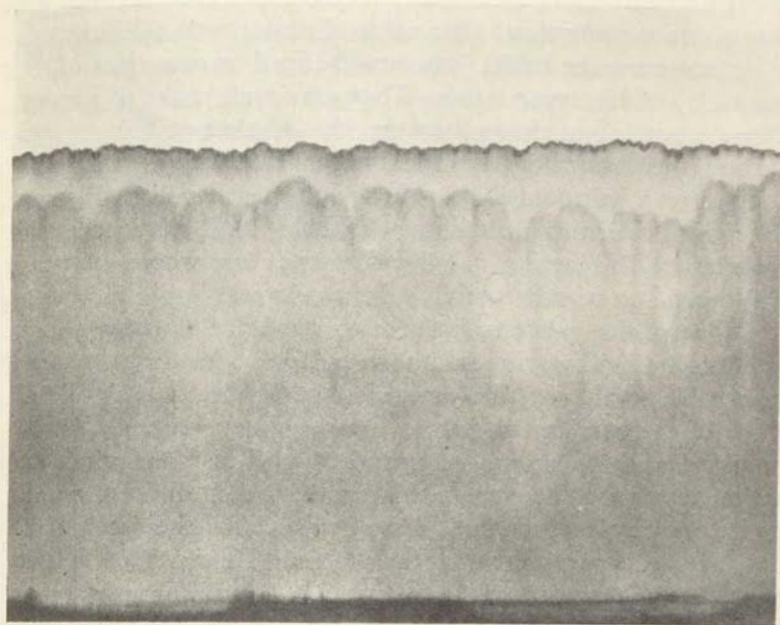


Fig. 4. Gold Chloride and Silver Nitrate one day before Eclipse. 1936



Fig. 6. Gold Chloride and Silver Nitrate. June, 1936

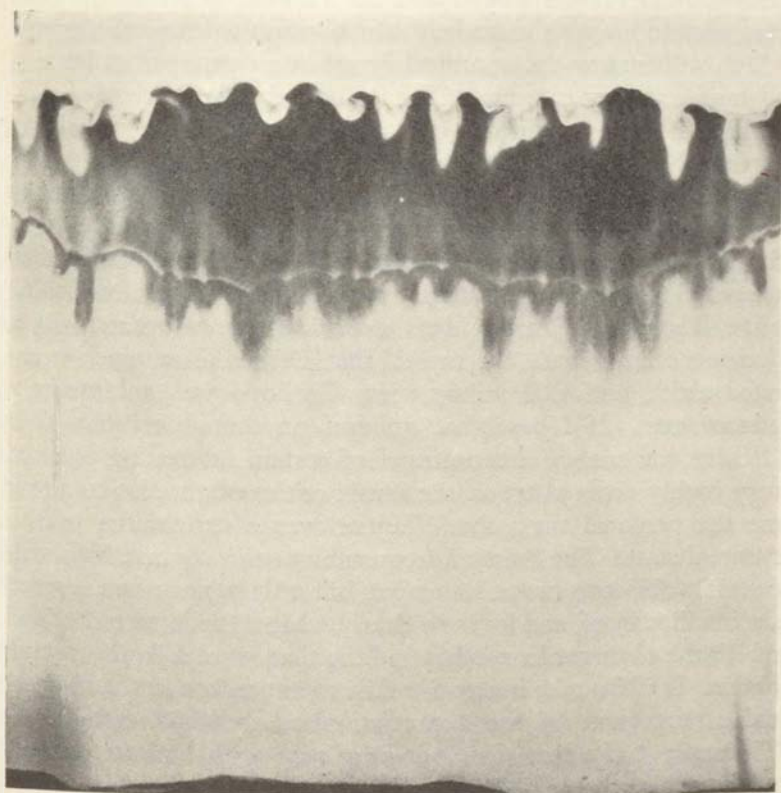


Fig. 5. Gold Chloride and Silver Nitrate during Totality. 1936

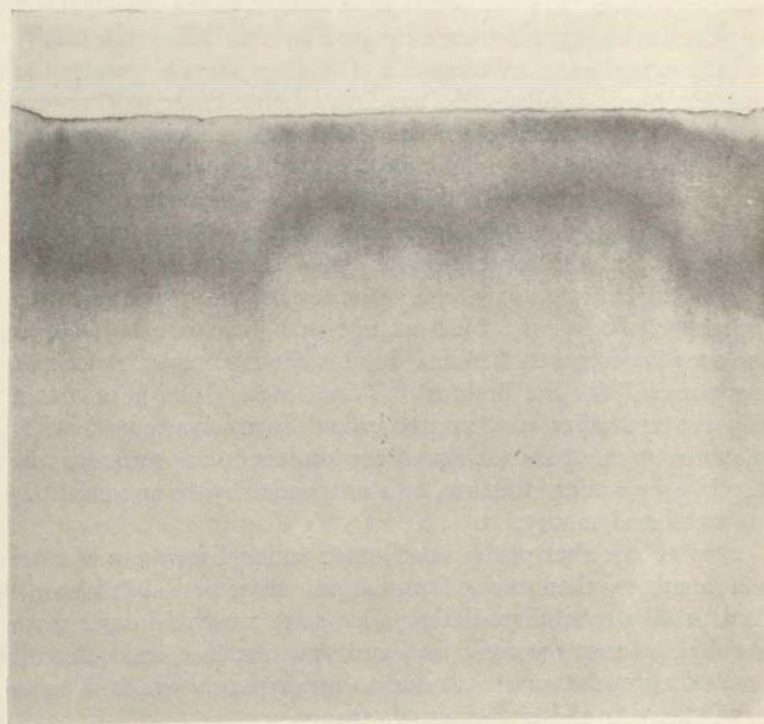


Fig. 7. Gold Chloride one hour before Eclipse. August, 1933

at all. The gold behaved quite properly. The pictures taken before the event show extreme clearness and fine colouring which remained during the eclipse. All the same, the beginning of the eclipse brought into the yellow dark, violet streaks, at first only a few, but gradually increasing. During the middle period, the picture was full of them. The mixture of silver and gold produced the same effect (see the pictures of chloride of gold). Towards the end of the eclipse only a few streaks were visible, and they soon disappeared altogether.

The experiments showed the connection between gold and the sun to be a scientifically proven fact. When anything (such as an eclipse) happens to the sun it is reflected in the behaviour of gold. No such differences occur in lead, iron or copper. During an eclipse all other substances remain undisturbed; only gold, and mixtures containing gold, are susceptible, normality being restored when the eclipse is over.

(To be continued)

MUSIC—(continued from page 36)

essence music is incommunicable that there is no standard by which composers may finally be ranked. Consequently, musicologists are far from agreement amongst themselves on the status of classical, let alone modern, composers. A few years ago had anyone said a word against the music of Beethoven he would have been accounted a criminal or dead-head. But just recently, Percy Grainger, an accomplished musician, has been saying very unkind things about the man of Bonn. Others, having been given a lead, have screwed up courage to air their views too. Ernest Newman, doyen of English musicologists, considers Brahms not entitled to "a throne amongst the first half-dozen in the musical Olympus," but at a later date sees nothing incongruous in advising a pianist that Brahms should not be played by an artist under fifty years of age, for the reason that such music requires deep experience of a spiritual nature! The last suggestion is full of sense, but one is entitled on the strength of it to demand an earlier place for the composer in the musical Olympus than that awarded to him by Mr. Newman.

So-called musical appreciation is very closely allied to the fallacy of "progress." The very fact that it is considered necessary to give individuals a course in the appreciation of the music of Byrd, Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz and Brahms sufficiently exposes the fallacy of "progress." Progress is the denial of outworn beliefs, usages and manners, the relegation to obscurity of ancient custom. Yet we find infinite delight in the madrigals of the Elizabethans, in the music played by the Dolmetsch family and the symphonies of Mozart and of Papa Haydn, despite the progress music is alleged to have made since those works were written. The modern physicist, whilst he doubtless appreciates the mental stature of Euclid, would certainly not devote hours to his geometry for the æsthetic pleasure he might hope to get out of it. He simply recognises Euclid's place and gets busy with Reimann. But the most obvious proof that music is not progressive in the scientific sense is the necessity for the student to approach it *backwards*. Such an one will merely be bored if at one step he forsakes "Mama don't want no peas nor rice nor coconut oil" for the Brahms' *F Piano Sonata*. Viewed in such a way the absurdity of "appreciation" is at once apparent. It takes for granted the ability of the student to appreciate music step by step under guidance, an ability ceded by the appreciationists to all and sundry.

In an age that prides itself on its rationalism there is more real fanaticism than can be found at any other period in history. And in all probability, if the point were worth labouring, we should find that scientific this, and scientific that, and scientific musical appreciation are all due to the hypnosis which Wagner has induced in the musicians of our age.

Mob appreciation is never reliable. The suggestion that the man in the street knows a good thing when he hears it, is merely a sop thrown to the mob to secure appreciation for the scribe. The "man in the street" certainly does not know a good thing when he hears it. If he did, then there would be no such thing as unrecognised genius. The individual can appreciate only that which is on his own level of intellectual or spiritual development. It was no accident that drove Elgar to Cardinal Newman, any more than it was an accident which deprived the libretto of "Aida" of Felicien David's music; Verdi's, we may assume, was fittest even if, possibly, it had proved of inferior quality.

If "right" libretti has a habit of drawing to itself equally

"right" music we may be permitted to believe that every type of music draws its own fundamentally "right" type of listener. We may arrive at some clue to the value of music such as Ellington's if we remember the habits (which will afford us some idea of the mentality) of his appreciators. They are in all ranks of society. There is nothing to choose between the habitués of Whitechapel at their threepenny hops and the dwellers of Mayfair getting into a clinch on a ballroom floor. Music is a great leveller. It strips the rich of their tinsel and shows us their blood relationships in their tastes. We need a new aristocracy; one whose existence will depend on its safe custody of our culture.

One of the greatest obstacles to the layman's appreciation of music are books written on how to develop it. Provided he is susceptible to the art, his musical opinions are as valuable as those of the best known names in everyday criticism. Yet he need feel neither discouraged nor alarmed if his conclusions are at variance with the generally accepted ones. Indeed, within limits, he may congratulate himself if such be the case. If he doesn't like Elgar, neither does Professor Dent; if he fails to appreciate Wagner, there are many such. Should his reaction to Berlioz be lukewarm, so was Parry's; if he concludes that Brahms is dry, academic, pedantic, and given to "padding," so does Ernest Newman. If his preference for Handel over Bach is strong, so is Francis Toye's and Sir Thomas Beecham's. After that, should he wish to make a contribution to musical thought which will furrow the pontifical brows for a generation, let him advance a theory to account for Berlioz's brilliant use of woodwind and brass, provided it is as absurd as the one now held to explain the richness of Brahms's low string writing. It is felt in high circles that Brahms owes his gift to the fact that his father was a passable double-bass player! If the layman would accept the masters for what they mean to him, he will have no further reference to the "appreciators" and their friends the musicologists. The good literary critic is too able a man to quarrel with a decision I have made for myself that Dickens is a much over-rated artist, and that in my view Trollope was an infinitely greater man. If I base that opinion on the observation that Dickens was merely a caricaturist of certain interesting but not very highly evolved types, the music critics ought also to allow me the personal view that Wagner was a caricaturist of the spiritual state. The "arty" frequenter of the concert halls will certainly object to such a statement, but only because he imagines the infallibility of, and loves so dearly what he believes to be (and which the observer knows beyond the shadow of a doubt are) his brains. Let him take heart who fails to appreciate in the sequential arrangement of the appreciationists and find comfort in Thoreau: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him march to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." For in all likelihood, if he is looking for anything at all, it is something far removed from the pettiness of the experts who pretend to stand in awe of some young composer's harmonies, who, in Ebenezer Prout's days, would have had his knuckles rapped for the clumsy fellow he is.

* * * * *

The musical genius differs only from other kinds in his choice of a medium. Reverence and veneration are at the root of all great genius. Musical people who recognise that fact are no longer surprised at English neglect of Bruckner and Mahler. The teachings of the psychologists have confused us; we no

longer recognise the differences between spirituality, and religiosity, sentiment and sentimentality, the soul-stirring "awareness" which accompanies great music and the sloppy "sensations" derived from cerebral jazz. The average critic's almost complete insensibility to a fundamentally religious basis in music is in reality the wall which surrounds all musical writing and which so successfully precludes the opinions of the layman. The composer is fully aware of the spiritual foundations of his art, so too are many of his listeners. Only the critics are naïvely oblivious. Only very young and the unsuccessful among composers disbelieve in anything beyond technique. Not long ago, a young composer of the type one would call "arty," in a weekly music journal now defunct, wrote of the absurdity of a certain novelist who claimed to receive spiritual stimulus from Schubert. The young man's sarcastic quips were designed to show the novelist the error of his ways. But unless some great change comes over the composer-journalist we are not likely to hear of him in the future as a great symphonist.

There are those who smile at any attempt to draw philosophical, let alone spiritual conclusions from music, yet unhesitatingly imbue it with all kinds of far-seeing political allusions. All music is personal, both to the composer and his listener. All music is emotional—both to the composer and to the listener. The differences in quality of art are the differences in the qualities of the emotions. When the listener's appreciation of the emotion reaches a state of complete recognition, and answers back again to the composer, he experiences a spiritual correspondence. Lord Oliver, writing on William Morris in the *Spectator* during the Morris Centenary year, told us: "The perception of art is sensational, not intellectual or rational, however dogmatic a system of canons of beauty critical and reflective intelligence may ingeniously formulate. Morris, if anyone, could have propounded such formulae, but Morris, when discussing old manuscripts in his study at Kelmscott House, merely told us, 'I always know when a thing is really good, by its making me feel warm across here'—rubbing with both hands that part of his waistcoat that covered the seat of his diaphragm." Housman says, "Experience has taught me when I am shaving of a morning to keep watch over my thoughts because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act." There is a vast quantity of music that demands the same watchfulness. High art also warned Housman of its presence by watery eyes, a constriction of the throat and a stabbing sensation in the pit of the stomach. Thoreau, in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack River," comes as near to the truth as any: "What a fine communication from age to age of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men even such as were never communicated by speech is music! . . . It teaches us again and again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct, and makes a dream our only real experience." He would be an exceptional critic who could convince me of the worthlessness of the artistic reactions of such men. The fact that the professional appreciators remain placidly unconscious of any save their real or alleged "intellectual" reactions to music in no way disproves the possibility that hyper-sensitive people such as Morris, Housman, T. E. Lawrence, D. H. Lawrence and others built on similar emotional lines, alone possess the key to the deepest kind of appreciation.

The denial of the soul is not sufficient to prove its non-existence. But certain it is that a disbelief in it underlies all musical

criticism. Yet musical values can never rest on the only alternative basis—science. The late Bernard Van Dieren, one of the more promising of the modernist composers, wrote a book, "Down Among the Dead Men," in the course of which he said some things which badly needed saying, and therefore, was quite naturally pounced upon. "And this is, strange to say," wrote the smug reviewer apropos of Van Dieren's criticism of Wagner, "no layman speaking." Further on, the same innocent enquires, ". . . What is the religious ritual of which Bach's B-Minor Mass could possibly form an integral part? Hardly the Catholic Mass." Well, well. What ignorance of the creative mind is here portrayed. When will our learned ones understand that whether it professes allegiance to an orthodox religion or not, the creative mind is essentially religious? It is impossible to be mystical and irreligious at the same time. Let not the layman be deceived, for despite the alleged agnosticism of such composers as say Delius, Bantock, Brian and others, these are religious men.

Aldous Huxley, while blandly denying the existence of the soul, nevertheless acknowledges the fact of spiritual experience. Listen to his criticism of Brahms: "Brahms seems strangely grandiloquent, romantic and sentimental even to a generation which has largely ceased to believe in the existence of a soul, finds the notion of spiritual conflict a bore, and seeks human nature in terms of Freud rather than of William Blake. Brahms was a composer whose work is based upon the old values; who felt that the life of the spirit was something more than an affair of instinctive 'tics.' His music is fundamentally inspired by the same sort of faiths, emotions and spiritual experience as those which underlie the art of Beethoven." That seems to me a sane estimate. The only reply is that this generation is not necessarily right in its disbelief in the existence of the soul, and if I had to choose between the opinions of Brahms and Beethoven on the one hand, and what this jazz-mad generation believes it believes on the other, there would be no difficulty in making a choice. The linking of Blake's name with that of Freud's is quite over the heads of this generation. For whereas the Corner-House waitress is well up in complexes, she would probably confuse Blake with a sailor.

It is not even conceivable that the great music masters cared a fig for the scientific basis of music except as it applies to physical interpretation. Indeed their claim to genius is that they scornfully ignored the rules. The layman's appreciation of music should be his own and not another's. That great Frenchman, Vincent d'Indy, held the same view. He considered music criticism as "absolutely useless," whilst Bernard Shaw one of the finest music critics in his earlier days once wrote: "When my critical mood is at its height, personal feeling is not the word: it is passion . . . pay no heed to the idiots who declare that criticism should be free from personal feeling." To paraphrase Anatole France—the good music-lover is he who allows his soul to adventure among masterpieces.

MAGIC IN EAST AND WEST—(continued from page 40)

inaugurated by the mesmerists, physicians of the orthodox school eliminated the theory of an actual transmissible force and in its stead employed the theory of suggestion. Beginning with Braid and continuing through a line of very fine investigators, a duplication of magnetic phenomena was achieved purely by psychological means without recourse to any hypothesis of animal magnetism.

(To be continued)

Stigmatisation—Miracle or Auto-Suggestion?

DURING the past seven centuries more than four hundred instances of the interesting phenomenon termed "stigmatisation" have been reported, in virtually every civilised country and among persons in every station of life.

True stigmata are marks or wounds on the body corresponding to those suffered by Christ during the crucifixion; the wounds on the forehead from the crown of thorns, the scourgings on the body, the nail-wounds in hands and feet, and the wound in the side inflicted by the soldier's spear. In apparently genuine instances the marks or wounds are not inflicted either by the person experiencing them or by others, but appear of their own accord.

Herodotus, the famous Greek historian, in describing a certain temple in Egypt, mentioned that it was not lawful to retake runaway slaves who had sought refuge there if they had on their bodies marks consecrating them to the Deity. The Apostle Paul later wrote, in his Epistle to the Galatians (vi, 17), "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks . . ."

Herodotus failed to describe the marks which appeared on the runaway slaves, and whether Paul meant by his statement the scars of shipwreck and scourgings suffered in his ministry or some definite marks signifying his discipleship, we do not know. Yet, it is entirely possible that the marks mentioned by him were stigmata, which sometimes appear on the bodies of intensely religious individuals, usually at times of special spiritual impression or ecstatic exaltation.

Stigmatics are divided into several classes, according to the type of stigmatisation and the cause. First, there may be complete stigmatisation with all the marks or wounds in evidence, such as in the case of St. Francis of Assisi. Second, there are instances where only some of the marks are visible, the others being subjectively felt—indicated by severe pains.

The third class is composed of individuals on whom no outward signs whatever are apparent; who feel or have felt the impressions upon the heart alone. In the fourth and final group are those upon whom no marks appeared, but who suffered great pain in all parts of the body corresponding to the positions of the wounds of Christ. Instances of these two latter classes are not considered true stigmatisation because there are no visible marks.

There may be three possible causes of stigmatisation. The first is that of pure fraud—where the marks or wounds were deliberately produced by designing persons upon others or upon themselves for the sake of notoriety or gain, it being well known that all stigmatics have immediately become prominent in religious circles and also received considerable attention from the curious.

The second explanation is self-infliction by hysterical or ecstatic individuals when in the abnormal mental condition, it being remembered in all fairness that the deceit is unknown at the time, and entirely foreign to them when normal. The third class are genuine stigmatics, but concerning whom the Church and Science are rather sharply divided. The Church calls the manifestations miraculous, while Science has another explanation, as will be shown.

With the doubtful exception of the runaway slaves mentioned by Herodotus and the possible exception of St. Paul, Francis of Assisi, Italy (1182–1226 A.D.), was the first to experience the phenomenon of stigmatisation.

Francis had spent a dissolute youth, but after a miraculous recovery from a severe illness embraced a life of rigid penance and utter poverty, modelled upon that of Christ Himself. He retired to a grotto near Assisi and gave himself up to profound meditation, principally upon the sufferings of the Master. His austerity and simple eloquence soon attracted a number of followers, and in 1208 he founded the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is recorded that on September 14th, 1224, while meditating atop a lonely mountain near Assisi, Christ appeared to Francis in the form of a seraph, with arms and feet extended as if affixed to a cross. Reflecting upon the apparition, in an ecstasy of prayer there appeared upon his own body marks corresponding to those he had seen upon the Vision.

It has been maintained that the mark on his side would not heal, and bled occasionally. However, Bonaventura, the author of a book on the life of St. Francis, called it a scar. Nevertheless, the evidence of Bonaventura, Pope Alexander IV, and others who saw the wounds of Francis both before and after his death, appears satisfactory and incontrovertible; his case is accepted as the first instance of genuine stigmatisation. He died October 3rd, 1226, two years after the appearance of the marks.

The second stigmatic of definite record was Catherine Benincasa, of Siena (Italy), who was born one hundred and eleven years after the death of Francis of Assisi. She began to practise austerities early in life; at the age of six she flogged herself in order to induce visions, and at the age of seven she began a prolonged term of fasting for the same purpose. In fact, her main object in life appears to have been an unceasing effort to invent new and unusual cruelties to inflict upon herself until, so it is reported, she wholly abstained from food for several years and slept only fifteen minutes of each twenty-four hours.

Catherine became a sister of the third rule of St. Dominic. When twenty-three years of age, after receiving the sacrament she fell into a trance as was her usual custom on such occasions. During this particular trance, however, she enacted the Passion in pantomime. After recovering, she told her confessor that she also had received the much-coveted stigmata, revealing to him a vision similar to that of Francis of Assisi in which she had beheld beams of light streaming from the wounds of the Vision to corresponding parts of her own body.

The real significance of this case may become apparent upon mention of the fierce and bitter rivalry which at that time existed between the Franciscans and the Dominicans. The prior experience of Francis had been unique, and was the exclusive boast of his followers. After the stigmatisation of Catherine, however, the Dominicans considered themselves equally blessed. The aftermath is itself interesting and revealing.

Pope Pius II, a townsman of Catherine, accepted her marks as miraculous and approved of a Church service incorporating

by *Thales II*

her stigmatisation. But Sixtus IV, who succeeded Pius and was a Franciscan, decreed that Francis and the Franciscans had an exclusive right to the honour of this particular form of miracle.

After this widely reported case, stigmatisation occurred comparatively often, but almost without exception among the members of these two Orders, approximately four females becoming stigmatised to every male. Practically all the experiences were reported in religious retreats after the austerities of Lent and most frequently upon Good Friday, when the minds of the inmates were concentrated upon the Passion.

Such was and is the case of Sister Elena Aiello, a nun of the Cosenza, Italy, Orphanage, who on the past Good Friday (1937) exhibited stigmata of the forehead for the thirteenth successive year. She has always returned to normal on the following day.

Theresa Neumann, a deeply religious young woman of Konnersreuth, Germany, who is now about thirty-seven years of age, became partially paralysed during the spring of 1918. The following year she lost her sight, but that was suddenly restored four years later, and during 1925 she was miraculously cured of her paralysis.

Stigmata first appeared upon her body during Good Friday of 1926, and from nine until twelve noon of *each Friday* since that time she has pantomimed the Passion, from Gethsemane to Golgotha, in the depths of an apparent trance. Tears of blood flow down her cheeks, and the "Five Holy Wounds" on her body bleed profusely. However, by the following Sunday she also has entirely recovered and is apparently normal in every respect.

The case of stigmatisation which has been most thoroughly and scientifically examined is that of Louise Lateau, and next to that of Francis of Assisi is probably the most famous. (See "Louise Lateau, A Biological Study," by G. E. Day; Macmillan's Magazine, xxiii, pp. 488 *et seq.*)

Louise Lateau was born at Bois d'Haine, Hainault (Belgium), in 1850 and died in 1883. Until she was seventeen years of age she was "healthy, worked hard, had good common sense with power of self-control," and indicated no trace of any unusual or abnormal tendencies. At the age of seventeen she suffered a long and exhausting illness. In April of the following year she was thought to be dying, and received the sacrament. After this, however, she rapidly recovered, and in five days was able to walk nearly a mile to the village church. In view of the gravity of her illness, this rapid recovery was considered miraculous.

Three days later, which was a Friday, stigmata appeared and she discovered blood flowing from a slight wound in her side. Exactly a week afterward her feet became stigmatised, and several days later bleeding began from the palms and the back of her hands. Four months after this, marks as of thorns became apparent upon her forehead and were moist with blood. Hemorrhages continued to occur each Friday for at least four years. On days other than Friday, the wounds were merely inflamed patches; dry, glistening and painless.

The procedure in this case was rather complicated. Blisters first appeared, and after they burst there was bleeding from the inner skin, yet without any apparent injury thereto. Ecstasy also abruptly began with the first signs of the stigmatisation, which always occurred between eight and nine on the morning of each Friday, at which time she apparently became wholly unconscious of her surroundings.

During the trances she invariably experienced a series of

visions (which she remembered upon awakening), in which she personally enacted the entire Passion according to the time of day. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, her limbs became rigidly extended in the form of a cross, the condition terminating in apparent agony and with extreme physical exhaustion. However, very shortly afterward she always became both physically and mentally normal.

This case was examined so carefully by experienced medical men determined to ascertain the deceit, if any existed, that there is no reason for questioning its classification as true stigmatisation. Yet, there was a sharp division of opinion concerning its cause.

Warlomont, the eminent Belgian pathologist, decided after a thorough personal investigation that in this instance fraud or simulation was impossible, and diagnosed it as "stigmatic neuropathy." With this the Salpêtrière School of Neurology agreed, and took the position that "stigmatisation is a neurotic phenomenon occurring in hysterical individuals."

However, Dr. Lefebvre, Professor of Medicine at the University of Louvain and who had been for many years in attendance at two insane asylums, after a prolonged examination pronounced it a genuine miracle. The distinguished biologist, Theodore Schwann, also a professor at Louvain and himself a Roman Catholic, refused after careful examination to admit the preternatural character of the phenomenon. Virchow was of the opinion that "fraud or miracle" was the only alternative.

Louise Lateau was an exceedingly devout member of the Order of St. Francis, and of course familiar with not only the history of the Order but that of Francis himself. In view of the additional light which experimental hypnotism and modern psychology have now shed on stigmatisation, neither pathologists, neurologists or psychologists would disagree upon a similar case to-day.

The more important instances of stigmatisation have been briefly outlined. Just what does modern science say concerning the phenomenon?

With no intention of in any manner disparaging the views of any sincere individual, it may nevertheless be shown that there is nothing either incredible or miraculous about either these or any other instances of even genuine stigmatisation. The almost unbelievable influence of the Mind over the Body has been known to Initiates since the earliest times, and is now to a great extent recognised by modern science, by whom phenomena basically identical with the external evidences of stigmatisation have repeatedly been induced in hypnotic subjects by suggestion. A few instances will suffice to illustrate the nature of these experiments.

By applying a piece of ice to the skin of a hypnotised subject and suggesting that it is hot, all the effects of a severe burn will appear in due course, the blisters usually being prominent and suppuration continuing for some time afterward.

The same result has been accomplished by suggesting to a hypnotised subject that pure cold water which was then applied to his skin was scalding hot. In one rather unusual instance too much water was used in an experiment of this nature and it spilled over a large area of the subject's skin. The entire moistened surface became severely blistered.

It is well known that even in the absence of ecstasy (which is but a form of auto-suggestion), direct hypnosis or any allied condition, under intense emotional strain minute quantities of blood are often transudated through the perspiratory ducts of the

body, whence the familiar expression "sweating blood." Antigales and Remond reported the case of a woman of twenty-three in whose eyes tears of blood frequently appeared when she was at all excited. By suggestion it was possible to also induce a bloody perspiration in the palms of her hands.

It may be argued that there is no apparent connection between the phenomena induced in hypnotic subjects by suggestion and the individuals who have experienced stigmatisation. Yet, the connection is basically identical, for hypnosis and auto-suggestion are both classified in psychology as variations of the term "ecstasy" used in discussing a condition often manifested by religious individuals.

Technically, ecstasy denotes a general mental condition which often results in otherwise entirely normal individuals from a deep, continued concentration of attention upon one dominant idea or object of a religious nature. It is usually accompanied by the loss of normal self-control, insensibility to external impressions, and intense emotional excitement. It may be manifested in various ways, such as falling and writhing upon the ground, a jerking of the limbs and head, frenzied singing, shouting, or speaking in some peculiar and wholly unknown tongue.

Visions and hallucinations experienced while in this condition are almost invariably of an agreeable nature. In very religious individuals the spirit frequently seems to leave the body and to come in contact with heavenly beings, and the subject always regrets the usually short duration of his happiness.

The predisposing cause or causes of the condition may be either natural or artificial; the immediate, exciting causes are manifold, and may be either external or self-induced. Some individuals, more often those of a nervous or hysterical nature, are, in fact, constitutionally prone to ecstatic states.

To this basically neurotic, abnormal condition add absorbing contemplation of or intense longing for some object or manifestation of a religious nature, and conditions become entirely ripe for the deepest form of ecstasy and the then not unnatural appearance of definitely self-induced stigmatisation.

Thus, when it is considered that the subjects of true stigmatisation evidently were and are ecstasies, usually females of strongly emotional (and as strongly suppressed) temperaments, and that there undoubtedly was and is in each instance concentration of thought upon the sufferings of the Saviour (with particular concentration upon the wounds), and in view of the now well-known and well-understood influence of the Mind upon the Body, stigmatisation ceases to become miraculous in any sense of the word, and the psychological and physiological rationale becomes apparent. The explanation itself is simple.

The blood supply of the entire body is controlled by what are called the vaso-dilator and vaso-constrictor nerves, which are in turn controlled by the sub-conscious mind. A rush of blood to the face or, inversely, a general pallor of the countenance when under the stress of intense emotion, are familiar occurrences, and both are induced by the sub-conscious.

Stigmatisation is also due to the reaction of the sub-conscious mind; it is itself only a blush in a usually limited area, and in bleeding stigmatisation the blush simply becomes so intense that the blood bursts through the veins and appears upon the surface of the skin. A blush is by no means abnormal, and the stigmatic blush is but an intensification of this normal experience.

Upon the achievement of the object, both the conscious and the sub-conscious minds cease to think so intensely of those

subjects which induced the phenomenon and the bleeding therefore ceases—the body simply follows the mind back to normal.

Ancient philosophers well understood and modern psychology has long realised, that the human Body is but a bit of plastic in the grasp of the Will, and that anyone who but exerts his mental strength long enough and strongly enough may influence it to an unbelievable extent. Just as daily exercise and proper training will develop any portion of the physical body, so will training of the Mind and the Will develop both it and its control over the ordinarily passive functions. These exercises are not at all adequately expressed by the English word "training," but were well expressed by the Greek word *askesis*, from which we derived "ascetic" and "asceticism."

This exercise and training of the Mind by individuals unfamiliar with either occult doctrines or modern psychology was and is all unknowingly, yet nevertheless was and is the chief factor in the production of stigmatisation. In fact, any individual who would remain in comparative solitude for several years and continually exercise all his or her strength of will in concentrating upon the life of the Saviour and particularly upon the Passion—upon the pain He suffered and upon His wounds—there would inevitably come a time when the blood-vessels of that individual would begin to slowly but surely dilate in the exact areas which had been concentrated upon, and those places would shortly bleed and exhibit definite stigmata. There is in this nothing of the miraculous, but merely the manifestation of a few basic principles of psychology and physiology.

In this age, the extraordinary is not to be confused with the "miraculous." In fact, *miracles* have always been but the extraordinary effects of entirely natural causes. Stigmatisation is no exception to this general rule, and in the final analysis is but the usual result of an unusual and prolonged intensification of that normal influence of Mind over Body possessed to a greater or less degree by all individuals. It simply becomes particularly potent and definitely evidenced in the case of intensely religious individuals at times of special spiritual impression or ecstatic exaltation.

Hawthorne made use of this pathological phenomenon in his masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter." As the conscience-stricken clergyman appears upon the scaffold in the climax of the story a blood-red "A" is revealed upon his bared breast; a duplicate of the one which his paramour was by law required to wear embroidered upon her own bosom.

Yet, that stigmatisation is very real, very miraculous, and very precious to those comparatively few who have experienced it is not to be doubted, and, regardless of its cold, scientific aspects it would ill behove anyone to deliberately scoff at such a definite manifestation of sincere meditation. As Shakespeare has so aptly said, "Only he jests at scars that never felt a wound."

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Readers' Letters

Shingle Edge,
Winchelsea Beach,
Sussex.

July 28th, 1937.

The Editor, "Modern Mystic."

SIR,

Amelia Earhart has communicated with Mrs. K. E. Cowan and Mr. Chas. F. Halsall, at their private seances at Winchelsea, Sussex. On Sunday, July 25th, Miss Earhart was seen clairvoyantly, she was present to observe the mode of communication from our guides and regular followers. She came next on Monday, July 26th, she was weak and could not indicate all she desired, and stated Capt. (Fred) Noonan was too ill to speak. Miss Earhart said, my condition is tired, we came down on sea, then we got washed on to an island of dead things, and no one there—the time was early morning, light was bad for piloting. (We asked did you send out several radio messages.) Yes, all my strength was used up, and Fred could not sip the brandy I gave him; festered in the sun on rocks, lived three days, then sad end, finally I read Fred's Bible and hoped for the best. Steadfast in facing God, I went first, now Fred is here also. (We asked could you say where you landed?) I am not sure, but I think it was a line of Pacific Islands, I gauged it was the Pacific and not a minor sea. Thanks for allowing me to deliver these few words, I hope to study, get conversant and come again.

Our chief guide confirmed it was Miss Earhart, and described her as smallish, pale from life of denial, short hair, in practice dress, in trousers (as when flying).

Yours faithfully,

K. E. COWAN (Mrs.)
CHAS. F. HALSALL.

C. F. H.

P.S.—We were the first to have news from the Duchess of Bedford, Mona Tinsley, Mr. Vosper, four of the victims of the Battersea Rail Smash, Sir Austen Chamberlain, King George V, etc., which is all a result of consistent work with good guides and a big Etheric organisation. But if the press do not want the news, or in some cases are afraid of libel if published, then this part of the work is useless.

C. F. H.

Winnipeg,
Manitoba,
Canada.

To the Editor, "The Modern Mystic"

June 20th, 1937.

DEAR SIR,

THE MODERN MYSTIC is one of the new worlds which the Cosmic has opened up to me. May I suggest that the December issue contains a complete index of the articles for the year? There are so many that "click" with one's inmost thoughts, that it would be a great help to know where to lay one's hands on them quickly.

I wish THE MODERN MYSTIC an ever expanding circulation for the good it can accomplish is incalculable.

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK P. ROBINSON.

Hampstead.

8th July, 1937.

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your kind letter giving arrangements for the visit to the farm at Bray.

I wish success to THE MODERN MYSTIC. How much trouble I would have been saved as a young man had there been such a magazine as yours.

I am,

Yours gratefully,

ALEX W. GIBB.

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THE COMIC AND TRAGIC IN MOZART'S OPERAS

(continued from page 53)

the tragic and the comic into a unity which is not to be dissolved.

Even Professor Dent in his admirable book on Mozart's operas seems to me to have a distorted conception of *Don Giovanni*, owing to a certain moral conventionality of judgment, and a perhaps temperamental dislike to intensity of expression. He actually states that Mozart "has intended to depict Donna Anna as not quite in her right mind," and refers to "violence of expression" and "Anna's ravings," commenting that Mozart "had a tendency to lay his colours on more thickly than was always appropriate to the style." Elsewhere he says that there is nothing tragic about Donna Anna as if what he calls her "ravings" were not completely accounted for by seeing her father murdered by Don Giovanni before her eyes. In fact, he is quite inconsistent in his attempt to make out that *Don Giovanni* is only an *opera buffa* after all, and actually says: "a really serious treatment of the whole story would have been too utterly repulsive for stage-presentation."

But we have the librettist's (Da Ponte) own statement, which Professor Dent quotes, that Mozart wished to treat the subject seriously and this he has certainly done. But to treat human experience seriously requires a comprehensive vision that includes both the comic and the tragic. Critics who try to turn *Don Giovanni* into an *opera buffa* have a conventionally moral attitude to rather than a tragic view of life; while critics who, like Beethoven, cannot understand how Mozart could write an opera on what they consider to be so immoral a subject as *Don Giovanni* are deficient in the detachment and universality which enables geniuses such as Shakespeare and Mozart to be serious without being earnest and to preserve that sense of proportion in which the essence of comedy lies. *Don Giovanni* is, I maintain, an intensely serious opera in which the tragic and the comic are inextricably blended with such mastery and truth that the effect is unutterably grand. In my next article I shall examine the second great masterpiece in this same style left us by Mozart, namely his opera, *Così fan Tutti*.

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